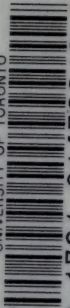


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01472212 8

BACON'S
NOVA RESUSCITATIO

The History of the Learned World
and Church

BY
REV. WALTER BOWEN

BACON'S NOVA RESUSCITATIO



LONDON
AND NEW YORK
IN THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS
AND
SINGAPORE

BACON'S
NOVA RESUSCITATIO

OR

The Unveiling of his Concealed Works
and Travels

BY THE
REV. WALTER BEGLEY

DISCOVERER AND EDITOR OF MILTON'S NOVA SOLYMA

AUTHOR OF

'IS IT SHAKESPEARE?' 'BIBLIA CABALISTICA,' 'BIBLIA ANAGRAMMATICA,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES
VOL. III.—ENTER BACON



LONDON
GAY AND BIRD
22 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND

1905

All rights reserved.

PR
2944
B44
V.3
655551

8. 4. 57



CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

| CHAPTER | PAGE |
|--|---------|
| I. A NEW FRENCH DISCOVERY ABOUT BACON | 1 |
| II. THE INEDITED PARTS OF BACON'S MANUSCRIPTS | 34 |
| III. 'DE L'AMOUR' - - - - - | 41 |
| IV. MUSIC AND ECHOES - - - - - | 47 |
| V. MEDICINE AND PLANTS - - - - - | 58 |
| VI. BACON'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS - - - - - | 72 |
| VII. AN ELIZABETHAN BOOK HITHERTO UNNOTICED— | |
| 'A WOMAN'S WOORTH' (1599) - - - - - | 80 |
| VIII. THE SCANDAL AGAINST BACON - - - - - | 100 |
| IX. NEW EVIDENCE AGAINST THE SCANDAL - - - - - | 111 |
| X. 'A LOVER'S COMPLAINT' - - - - - | 143 |
| XI. CIRCUMSTANCES OF PUBLICATION - - - - - | 147 |
| XII. ORTHODOX DEFENCES - - - - - | 159 |
| XIII. MISCELLANEA - - - - - | 166 |
| APPENDIX - - - - - | 174 |
| INDEX - - - - - | 223 |

ENTER BACON

CHAPTER I

A NEW FRENCH DISCOVERY ABOUT BACON

It was my good fortune a short time ago to purchase from a well-known bookseller in Paris a volume in which, to my great surprise, I found a good deal of information about Francis Bacon which struck me as quite new. Some special studies had made me fairly acquainted with Spedding's monumental work on our illustrious countryman, but there were several new and interesting statements in my French book of the year 1631 concerning Bacon which I felt almost sure were not to be found in Spedding. My next impression was that I must have overlooked these when I was going through the fifteen volumes to which I knew Spedding had devoted the best part of his life. For I had heard it said that what Masson did not know about Milton, or Spedding did not know about Bacon, was not worth

knowing. So a diligent search was made through the different volumes, and the result went to prove that the new French matter was not there. Thus a fresh interest was attached to my acquisition. But the questions arise at once: Of what authority is the book and its French author? What opportunities had he of obtaining any special information about his great contemporary? Had this Frenchman ever been in England? Well, from his dedication, it would seem that he had been over here with an Ambassador, and that he was possibly one of his suite, and that it was while he was in this position that he discovered certain manuscripts of portions of Bacon's works, and brought them to France with him. It may thus be worth our while to consider the book more in detail.

The name of the author is not given on the title page, and the dedication of the volume is simply signed 'D. M.'; but by referring to the 'Privilège du Roy,' which in France secures an author's copyright, and in this instance occupies more than two pages of the prefatory matter, we find the full name and titles. He is described as 'Pierre Amboise, Escuyer, Sieur de la Magdelaine;' so we have not a catch-penny volume to deal with, which is reassuring.

The work consists of a Dedication to the Lord Keeper of the Seals of France; an explanatory Address to the Reader; a short Life of Bacon, or, rather, as he terms it, 'A Discourse on the Life of Francis Bacon, Chancellor of England'; then follows an ode in honour of 'Monsieur Bacon, Chancelier d'Angleterre'; and last comes the body of the work, pp. 1-567, containing the translations which the author had made, being helped, as he gives us to understand, by Bacon's original manuscripts. How he obtained these precious documents he does not vouchsafe to tell us; but they are clearly part of those numerous 'collections' for natural history which occupied so fully the time and attention of the fallen Lord Chancellor shortly before his death. It is well known that Bacon's Chaplain Rawley was entrusted with much manuscript matter, which he published by degrees; and in 1627, the year after Bacon's death, Rawley published the 'Sylva Sylvarum,' and the 'New Atlantis,' an unfinished Utopian romance, was bound up at the end.

From the prefatory address of Pierre Amboise to his readers, he does not appear to be at all satisfied with the way in which Rawley presented Bacon's posthumous 'Naturall Historie' to the public in 1627. In his opinion Rawley made

quite a 'hash' of the manuscripts committed to his charge by Bacon. He even accuses the chaplain of sins of omission and addition, and declares that the confused mass of papers and notes was printed off anyhow, without due order or careful arrangement. This, and the fact that Amboise had access to some original Baconian manuscripts, seem to have been the inducements which prompted the publication of this unnoticed work. But I will give the author's own words :—

‘Je serai bien aise aussi que le Lecteur soit averty qu'en cette traduction je n'ai pas suivi punctuellement l'ordre observé dedans l'original Anglois, pour avoir trouvé trop de confusion en la disposition des matieres, qui semblent avoir esté dispersées en plusieurs endroits, plutost par caprice que par raison. Outre qu'ayant esté aidé de la pluspart des manuscrits de l'Auteur, j'ai jugé necessaire d'y adjouster ou diminuer beaucoup de choses qui avoient esté obmises ou augmentées par l'Aumosnier de Monsieur Bacon, qui apres la mort de son Maistre fit imprimer confusement tous les papiers qu'il trouva dans son cabinet.

‘Je dis cecy, afin que ceux qui entendent la langue Angloise ne m'accusent point d'infidelité, quand ils rencontreront dedans ma version beaucoup de choses qu'ils ne trouveront pas dedans l'original.’

It is quite certain that no one in this century will blame him for his 'infidelity' to Rawley's version. In fact, it is just this infidelity which is the charm and value of his book. If he had translated Rawley word for word in the printed order of the 'Sylva Sylvarum,' and had put all into the best French of the period, in that case the result would have been worth hardly more than the paper it was printed on.

As matters stand the result is very different, and we find in a French book of 1631, which at first sight seems an abridged and inaccurate translation of one of the commonest of Bacon's works—a book which would hardly be picked up out of a sixpenny box at a bookstall, for it has no engraved title page to recommend it—we find things, I say, in this French octavo which neither Spedding nor anyone else, as far as I know, among Bacon's numerous biographers has ever referred to in a single passage.

I have little doubt that this special manuscript find was what really induced Amboise to prepare his work for the French public. For there was no great inducement, generally speaking, to translate Bacon into French in the reign of Louis XIII. It was by no means an office to be envied or sought after—for Bacon was, of course, a

heretic, and heretical publications then were severely condemned if their publishers could be proved guilty. It is amusing to read how André Maugars excuses himself for translating the 'De Augmentis' in 1624, and how he protests that the book is only concerned with the arts and sciences. If there should be found in it any apparent offence to the faith of Catholics, he declares that it is only put there by him as a translator, and he adds that, though he had been nearly four years residing among the English heretics, he protests that all he has heard or seen there has had no effect on his faith. He calls to witness those who have known him from his youth, and submits his translation to the judgment and censure of the Church.

Our translator does not make so many excuses or protestations as Maugars, possibly because natural history was not under nearly so great a suspicion of heresy as was philosophy.

How he obtained his Baconian manuscript is not told us, unfortunately, but we can hazard a conjecture, for we do know something about what happened to Bacon's manuscripts after his death.

Sir William Boswell, who was sometime English Minister in Holland, had a considerable quantity of Bacon's papers left to him by will. It is from

this source that, I fancy, the additional matter that Amboise gives us originally came. Rawley and Boswell between them had eventually the disposal of all the manuscripts and documents left by Bacon. As is well known, Rawley began to print some of the manuscripts almost directly, for in 1627 the 'Sylva Sylvarum' appeared in a handsome folio, and from time to time other manuscripts from the same source were given to the public, with short introductions by Bacon's former chaplain.

But Sir William Boswell seems to have acted in a very different manner with the treasures committed to his charge. He did not print any of them, and nothing was heard of them for some years. Eventually they were given by Boswell to Isaac Gruter, under certain conditions and reservations, and he published such parts of them as seemed expedient to him, and in agreement with Bacon's intention.

The most likely way for Bacon's manuscripts of natural history to fall into the hands of the Frenchman Amboise would be through Boswell. There are several little facts that point to him as the source. Thus, Amboise tells us he obtained them when he was with M. de Chasteauneuf's train during an embassy. Now, whether this

embassy was to England or to Holland, in either case there would be the chance of meeting Sir James Boswell.

There would be nothing, also, to prevent Boswell giving Bacon's natural history papers to any one who might be interested in them; for they were virtually done with, Rawley having published a much more extensive collection. Boswell could hardly suppose that anyone would think of publishing a short primitive draft of the 'Sylva Sylvarum,' when the almost perfected work of the natural history collections had been already given to the public by Rawley. No scruple would arise against giving *such* manuscripts of Bacon as a present to anyone who asked for them, they being in the circumstances little more than waste paper.

In some such way as this they may easily have passed into the custody of the French Ambassador's client and friend, either in England, as seems most likely, or in Holland. We know, too, that Boswell *did* give away some manuscripts that came to him from Bacon, and it was a fortunate thing he did so, for otherwise William Gilbert's 'Physiologia Nova' might never have passed the pikes of the press. Spedding tells the whole tale of this (Works, III. 3-8), but we have

more to do with Amboise and Chasteauneuf than with either Boswell or Gilbert, and therefore will return to them.

Unfortunately, I could find neither Amboise the author nor Chasteauneuf his patron in any dictionary of biography. I certainly expected to find the 'Garde de Seaux de France' in some of the excellent and voluminous French biographies, especially as he appeared to be an accredited Ambassador as well. However, feeling that it was in the first degree important to establish the fact that this French work of 1631 came from authorities who were fully worthy of credit, and also in a position to know the accuracy of what they stated about Bacon, I did not give up my search. Eventually I obtained what I required from the State Papers of France and England, and as it is interesting in itself, gives authenticity to the new Baconian matter, and is also outside the ordinary historical manuals, I will give the account as briefly as possible.

First, from the Calendar of State Papers, James I. (1629-1634), I gathered that M. de Chasteauneuf was for some time Ambassador Extraordinary from France to England, and a notable man in his day. The following dates and events are given concerning him :—

June 17, 1629.—A ship was sent from Dover to Calais to bring him over to England.

August 12, 1629.—Notice from James, Earl of Carlisle, to Secretary Dorchester, that the King expects that Chasteauneuf will visit Oxford, and hopes that the authorities will be informed of it, so that they may entertain him with due honour.

September 25, 1629.—M. de Chasteauneuf comes to Oxford, and is incorporated D.C.L.

September 28, 1629.—He visits Cambridge.

The French account is supplementary and corroborates the above, and is to be found in the 'Letters of Richelieu' published from the National Archives of France. We there learn he was recalled from England in January, 1630, but did not leave England till May, 1630.

The above notices, taken with the fact that Amboise professes to be the devoted servant and client of the Ambassador, and states that he had discovered the manuscripts while he was in England with him, stamp the French book with genuineness and authenticity, and its appearance so soon after Bacon's death gives it a contemporary and independent value. It is no compilation, but represents personal knowledge and information gathered from living sources—chiefly, no doubt, of the upper classes. It is a great pity our author

makes his account so short. With his sources of knowledge and hearsay, we could have listened to him eagerly on the subject of Bacon through several hundred pages more.

Having thus, as I hope, removed any suspicion that this Baconian fragment is a mere catchpenny publication without proper credentials, I will proceed to produce some of its contributions to our knowledge of Bacon's life and opinions. But let no one indulge the thought that there is going to be any revelation of Bacon's Great Secret out of this unnoticed French account. That is not so. We are nowhere told, though there was a good opportunity in the preface and elsewhere, that Queen Elizabeth was Bacon's mother; but what we are told is much more reasonable and credible. We are told more about Bacon's father than his mother, and one thing related in this connection is certainly very interesting, and fills up a gap in Bacon's life which historians had often wished to fill, but could not. It has been constantly asked, especially in recent years, 'Was Bacon ever in Italy?' But no one, not even Spedding, could give any account of or reference to such a visit; neither was Bacon ever known to allude to it in any of his letters or works. But we are told now, on this good contemporary

French authority, that, thanks to the thoughtful kindness and generosity of Sir Nicholas Bacon, his younger son, Francis, was purposely sent on his travels at an early age (in the train of the English Ambassador to France?), and that he went both to Italy and Spain, especially with a view to learn the laws and customs of the people, and their different forms of government, with their respective advantages and defects. This Bacon did with a view to prepare himself for such important offices of State as his abilities seemed to promise for him. Our author says rather loosely that these travels occupied 'quelques années de sa jeunesse,' so he clearly refers to the time Bacon was supposed to be with Sir Amyas Paulet, following the French Court in its travels, which was the only long period that Bacon was ever away from England.

But the thought at once arises, Where could this piece of information, which no one else refers to, have come from in the first instance? How could M. Amboise know of it? Well, I think the 'Privi-lège du Roy' prefixed to his book gives us some clue, for therein we find that the original intention of Amboise was to publish some 'Letters of Bacon' along with this book. However, for some reason unexplained, these letters were not published with the book, although the King's privilege to print,

dated January 1, 1631, fully allowed them and referred to them. I suggest, then, that these private letters of Bacon, which had fallen into the hands of Amboise, most likely when he was with Chasteauneuf in England, contained the information which led to his disclosing to us young Bacon's early travels. It looks as if someone suppressed these letters; anyhow, they were not printed with the book, and the loss is ours, for they might have been of great literary interest by filling up gaps in Bacon's earlier life.

Before I conclude these remarks on the 'Travels' of Francis Bacon, I must also draw attention to a letter of May 29, 1652, from Isaac Gruter at the Hague to Dr. Rawley in London. Gruter finishes a long letter as follows:—

'Lewis Elzevier wrote me word lately from Amsterdam, that he was designed to begin shortly, an Edition in Quarto of all the Works of Lord Bacon in Latine or English . . . and he desired my advice and any assistance I could give him by Manuscripts, or Translations. . . . If you have anything in your Mind, or your Hands, whence we may hope for assistance in so famous a Design, and conducing so much to the Honour of those who are Instrumental in it, pray let me know it, and reckon me henceforth amongst the

devout Honourers of the name of our Lord Bacon and of your own Vertues.

‘ Farewel.

‘ I expect from you what you know, about the ancestors of the Lord Bacon, especially concerning his Father, Nicholas Bacon; concerning his Youth, his Studies in Cambridge, his Travels, his Honours, his Office of Chancellour, and his deposal from it by Sentence of Parliament. The former I will undertake in a more florid and free style, expatiating in his just Praises; the latter with a wary Pen, lest out of my Commentary of the Life of this most Learned Man, matter be offered of pernicious Prating, to Slanderers, and men of dishonest Tempers.

‘ FROM THE HAGUE,

‘ May 29, 1652.’*

I think this letter is deserving of notice, and, as is often the case, the postscript contains the most important part, for it clearly shows that Gruter wanted further information about Bacon’s ‘ Travels,’ and that by placing them directly after ‘ his Studies in Cambridge ’ he considered them to have taken place soon after Bacon left his *alma mater*.

Again, Archbishop Tenison seems to refer to

* ‘ Baconiana ’ (1679), pp. 229, 230.

Bacon's 'Travels' at this same period of his life ; for having referred to Bacon as being 'sent into France with Sir Amias Paulet,' and 'thence entrusted with a Message to the Queen, which he performed with much approbation,' and that afterwards he returned to France, he proceeds to say, 'After this, coming from Travail . . . he was seated in Gray's Inn,' etc.

Rawley seems to be Tenison's authority for this statement (*cf.* 'Baconiana,' p. 247), but in any case Tenison, who had the custody of much manuscript matter left by Bacon, endorses this statement about 'Travail,' and the travels seem to have been undertaken *after* his mission to the Queen. This certainly lends probability to the conjecture that the Queen or some high politician had entrusted him with a secret mission which took him to some of the political centres of the Continent. What if the clever young Francis did some foreign work for his country after the youthful example of Sir Philip Sidney ? I cannot tell. If he did, it was kept a close secret.

But I must hasten to bring the contents of this French book before my readers, and will therefore only mention one more passage which seems to refer to Bacon's 'Travels' for political purposes.

It is to be found in Bacon's own words in the 'Apology for Essex' (1604):—

'It is well known, how I did many years since dedicate my travels and studies to the use and (as I may term it) the service of my Lord of Essex.'

This expression 'many years since' would be more applicable to the date 1578-1580 than to 1593, and I certainly think that, if Bacon saw the glories of the Continent, it was at the earlier date. His brother Anthony, coming home, after his long absence, about 1592, would probably recall in their frequent conversations the earlier Continental experiences of his gifted brother.

As the book is so rare, and practically unprocurable, it will perhaps be best to give a brief analysis of it, with such extracts as are new or may seem interesting to admirers of Bacon.

The work begins with an *Epistre* to 'Monsieur de Chasteauneuf, Garde des Seaux de France,' who is told, in four pages of the usual complimentary character, that the work now printed is the fruit of a land where he had showed his prudence and diplomacy, and that there was no doubt that if 'Monsieur Bacon,' as he always calls him, had lived till now he would have taken the French Keeper of the

Seals as his great example and model. Such compliments were expected, and were hardly taken or given quite seriously.

Next comes the *Avertissement* to the reader, in seven pages. Here Bacon is praised as being far above the great names of antiquity, who merely repeated or slightly improved what their forerunners had handed down. But, says the *Avertissement*, Mr. Bacon was one who joined experience to argument and reasoning, and adds :—

‘Et pour cet effet il avoit une maison de campagne assez proche de Londres qui ne luy servoit qu’à faire ses experiences. En ce lieu il avoit un nombre infiny de vases et de fioles, dont les unes estoient remplies d’eaux distillées, les autres d’herbes et de metaux en leur propre nature, quelques-unes de meslanges et compositions ; et les laissant exposées à l’air pendant toutes les saisons de l’année, il observoit soigneusement les diverses actions du chaud et du froid, du sec et de l’humide, les productions et corruptions des simples, et autres effets de la nature.’

I suppose this country-house where Bacon kept this scientific apparatus and these numerous bottles was Gorhambury rather than Twickenham, for I think Amboise is referring to the later years

of Bacon's life rather than the Gray's Inn period. One would almost imagine from the description given that Amboise had either seen the laboratory himself or spoken with someone who had been there.

Then follows his account of the reason that his translation differs so very much from the original English. This has been already noticed and quoted.

Next comes 'Privilege du Roy,' three pages, and then 'Discours sur la vie de M^{re} Francois Bacon, Chancelier d'Angleterre.'

This *sketch* of Bacon's career, for it is only that, begins with the advantages Bacon had in possessing such an admirable father. Sir Nicholas Bacon was a man very highly esteemed by the Queen, and, besides making him Lord Keeper, she entrusted him with the most important affairs of the kingdom. So says our French authority, and goes still farther when he asserts that Sir Nicholas Bacon was the chief instrument used by the Queen in establishing the Protestant faith in England. As a good Catholic, Amboise thinks the result bad and odious, but cannot help admitting the great dexterity shown by Bacon's father in conducting so momentous an enterprise successfully without upsetting or disturbing the

tranquillity of the State. The early education of Francis is then alluded to, and the great care taken by his father in ordering it—so great that it was hard to tell whether it was the son's ability or the father's special care which brought about such great results in later life. We are told, however, that the son's ability was transcendent, and that he surpassed all for his good judgment and remarkable memory ; that he soon learnt all that Cambridge could teach him, and already at that early age was quite capable of taking 'des charges les plus importantes'—by which is probably meant political missions such as young Philip Sidney filled so satisfactorily. However, Sir Nicholas thought such an immediate plunge into political life would be too precipitate, and we are told that he decided that his promising boy should first get somewhat of the special experience which made Ulysses so wise a counsellor. Sir Nicholas wished young Francis to know somewhat of the manners of men and of cities, and we are told that Francis followed his father's plans very aptly. It is here that we are let into the carefully concealed secret of Bacon's early travels :—

'Il employa dans les voyages quelques années de sa jeunesse, afin de polir son esprit, et façonner

son jugement, par la pratique de toute sorte d'étrangers. La France, l'Italie et l'Espagne comme les nations les plus civilisées de tout le monde, furent celles où sa curiosité le porta. Et comme il se voyoit destinée pour tenir un jour en ses mains le timon du Royaume, au lieu de considerer seulement le payssage et la diversité des vestemens, comme font la pluspart de ceux qui voyagent, il observoit judicieusement les loix et les coustumes des pays où il passoit, remarquoit les diverses formes de gouvernement, les avantages ou les deffaux d'un Estat, et toutes les autres choses qui peuvent rendre un homme capable de gouverner les peuples.'

This account of young Francis's travels to Italy and Spain to study their policy and government seems very probable, and coming from a Frenchman, as it does, makes it still more credible, for these foreign travels were accomplished while Bacon was supposed to be attached to the train of the English Ambassador in France, and consequently people in touch with French courtiers, as was Amboise, would be the most likely to hear how Bacon spent his time while he was in France.

I have a strong opinion that Rawley knew about young Francis Bacon's travels, but that he had good reasons for holding that they were not

‘communicable to the public.’ This is a very suggestive phrase of his own, which he uses in his ‘Address to the Reader’ prefixed to his ‘Resuscitatio.’ This phrase certainly allows the inference that Rawley did not give to the public all he knew about his illustrious and deceased friend.

There is also to be noted in Rawley’s ‘Life of Bacon,’ that *after* the account of the return of young Francis to England in consequence of his father’s death he proceeds thus : ‘*Being returned from Travel* he applied himself to the study of the Common Law which he had taken upon him to be his profession.’

Now, the important and not sufficiently noticed words, put in italics above, must refer either to Bacon’s travels when he was in France before his father’s death, or when he had returned to England and was not yet settled down at Gray’s Inn, or to both occasions.

I hold it not improbable that young Francis travelled both before and after his father’s death (1579), the latter occasion being some short political mission which had been entrusted to him by the Queen or some great person about Court.

Just before we know him (from Spedding) as

settled down at Gray's Inn, there is a short blank space in his biography where there is time for a foreign political mission, but whether he executed it or not is studiously concealed. I believe Gabriel Harvey knew, and also, later on, Ben Jonson. But to publish such State matters meant a Fleeting or something worse.

However, as before suggested, Amboise may have found the account in those letters of Bacon which he did not print. Strictly speaking there is no absolute statement, so far as I have seen, that Bacon was *permanently* 'attached' to the embassy. In fact, we know from a letter of Sir Amyas Paulet, written on his arrival in France, that sundry young noblemen and gentlemen had accompanied the Ambassador's party across the Channel and as far as Paris, and that their company across the Channel was rather an inconvenience, as there was none too much room or provision during the journey; but we are not told who these young travellers were.

In this short French Life Bacon receives the very highest praise for his personal aims and character. Amboise declares that 'never man delighted in justice or cherished the interests of the public good more than Bacon,' adding that he would have shone even more in a democratic

State, and that if he had lived in a republic his fame would have been not a whit less than Aristides gained at Athens, and Cato at Rome. After some pages of similarly high praise, we come to the account of the sudden fall and disgrace of this wonderful genius, and the French version is a curious variant from the received text of history. It is as follows :—

‘ Mais lors qu’il sembloit que rien ne fust capable de destruire son etablissement, la fortune fit voir qu’elle ne voulait point encore changer sa nature peu stable, et que Monsieur Bacon avoit trop de merite pour estre si long temps heureux. Il arriva donc qui parmi un grand nombre d’officiers tel qu’un homme de cette qualité doit avoir en sa maison, il y en eut un qui fut accusé au Parlement de concussion, et d’avoir vendu le credit qu’il avoit auprès de son maistre. Et bien que la probité de Monsieur Bacon fut exemte de toute censure on le declara coupable du crime de son domestique, et fut en suite privé de la charge qu’il avoit si longtemps exercée avec tant d’honneur et de gloire.’

After terming this a piece of base ingratitude towards such a patriotic subject, he concludes very characteristically with the following thrust at *perfidè Albion* :—

‘Et l’Angleterre nous fait bien voir par cette action, que la mer, qui l’environne de tous costez, communique à ses habitans une partie de ses legeretez et de ses inconstances.’

I am afraid we cannot accept this French version as the absolute historic truth concerning the great Lord Chancellor’s fall and disgrace. True, it was written shortly after the event, with but the lapse of a few years since all men in France and England were discussing it; but to attribute the fall altogether to the corruption of one of Bacon’s servants cannot possibly be made to suit the facts as historically presented to us. I know that some eminent biographers of Bacon have defended his innocence so far as to say that he was only technically guilty of corrupt practices, and not morally guilty; but to shift the whole of the charges and guilt from Bacon’s shoulders to the shoulders of one of his servants is a very different way of looking at the question, and will not, I fear, bear the test of serious investigation. But it certainly shows that there was a contemporary feeling among political and Court circles abroad that Bacon was very hardly dealt with and practically innocent. I would even venture to say, further, that this French account is really nearer the truth about Bacon

than what is popularly held at the present time.*

The fall and disgrace of our illustrious countryman are subjects which, like some other literary matters connected with him, require a little re-statement, which may well be briefly supplied here.

Few who have really gone into the matter of Bacon's life and character will deny that he has for many years been lying under the shadow of a cloud of unfair aspersions, and under the injustice of having had statements popularly formulated against him which were only partly, or rather only approximately, true, while at the same time they conveyed an absolutely *false* impression. A self-confident and rhetorical essayist was the fount and origin of this as long ago as 1837. Lord Macaulay's essay on Bacon imposed a wrong impression on the reading public when it was first issued, while the great subsequent popularity of Macaulay and the survival of his 'Essays' as a standard work of literature right down to the present time have together contributed to stamp this impression deeply into the current opinion of the average Englishman everywhere.

* There is a curious and close parallel to Bacon's fall and disgrace in the case of Sir John Throckmorton, Chief Justice of Chester.

Out of fifty people who know Macaulay's 'Essays,' and could perhaps repeat a phrase or passage out of them without referring to the book, how many, I ask, out of these fifty general readers could give you Spedding's reply to Macaulay, or Abbott's view of Bacon's treatment of Essex, or would know anything of Montagu's defence of Bacon beyond what Macaulay quoted when he endeavoured to upset that same defence in his widely-read 'Essays'? The result is that from 1837 to 1903 the vast majority of the English speaking race thought with Pope that Bacon was the 'meanest' of mankind, and with Macaulay that he basely received bribes when in a high official position, and treated Essex, Peacham, and sundry other people, in most abominable, ungrateful, and unjustifiable ways. I say that people all this time have taken these things against Bacon as 'granted and proved.' It is therein that Bacon's fame has suffered severe injustice. They are not strictly true, to begin with, and there are many excuses and palliatives that are altogether unconsidered in this verdict. The great Lord Chancellor never received bribes for the sake of perverting justice—in fact, he never received *bribes* at all. He accepted, and allowed his dependents to accept for him, valuable

presents from people whose interests were involved or had been involved in law cases that belonged to the Lord Chancellor's jurisdiction. But they were seldom given or accepted *pendente lite*, and there is no record that any judgment of Bacon's was ever reversed on this ground or any other. His conduct as to receiving presents from suitors cannot be defended if judged by strict morality; but its heinousness is much diminished when we consider the contemporary and almost universal habit of thought concerning such practices which prevailed.* Such practices were not classed as base, fraudulent, or ungentlemanly acts; moreover, Bacon had not been the active agent in procuring bribery, but the passive, non-resisting medium which *accepted* gifts without that scrupulous examination which the matter required.

Indeed, there can be no doubt that Bacon honestly believed himself in his own conscience to be 'not guilty' in those graver charges which brought about his fall. Indeed, he says so most explicitly:—

'I am not guilty to myself, of any unworthi-

* Cf. Basil Montagu's 'Life of Bacon,' note ZZ, for proof.

ness, except perhaps too much softness in the beginning of my troubles. But since, I thank God, I have not lived like a drone, nor like a malcontent, nor like a man confused ; but though the world hath taken her talent from me, yet God's talent I put to use.'

Yes, indeed, no part of Bacon's career became him like the ending of it, the last four or five years so steadily devoted to that labour of love which was always nearest to his heart. For it was literature, not law, that was his great work of recreation and pleasure. During the last few years of his life he needed not to say, wailing with the Psalmist, 'Multum fuit incola anima mea,'—a phrase that in earlier days of apparent prosperity and success was often in his mouth,—but he could now freely let his mind work on such subjects as were congenial to it, or, to use his own words in a letter to a friend, he was able now 'indulgere genio suo.' And if it should really turn out that it was he who gave the author's revision to the First Folio of 1623, then there never was such a *genius* in the world before.

Mr. Spedding's opinion of Bacon was very high, and he always maintained that the popular impression of Bacon's character was quite wrong, and proceeded from a deplorable want of know-

ledge of Bacon's life, letters and works. He says in a privately printed book, which he originally did not wish to be known beyond the circle of a few personal friends,—

‘I should like to know whether among the very few competent persons who are known to have taken pains to understand him, and to have gone the right way about it, there is any one who has shared the popular impression of his character. Not Dr. Rawley, nor Sir Thomas Meautys, nor Tobie Matthew, nor Ben Jonson, nor Sir Edward Sackville, nor Sir John Danvers, who all knew him and studied him while he lived; not Carte, nor Stephens, nor Lockyer, nor Tenison, who studied him in his works.’

Here Mr. Spedding gives a fine array of witnesses who were in a position to judge and despise the base popular rumours current against the great Lord Chancellor, and they all judged in his favour. But one witness who was most intimately connected with Bacon in his private life is left out of the above list. As the book which contains the account is hard to meet with, I will put the principal evidence of interest in a footnote.* And now, bearing these good

* Thomas Bushel, one of Bacon's household dependents, gives this testimony to his master's character in a book,

testimonies in mind, we may proceed to gather together any new information and any new

‘The First Part of Youth’s Errors. Written by Thomas Bushel, the Superlative Prodigall.’ London, 1628, 8vo., printed two years after Bacon’s death :

*A Letter ‘To his approved beloved Mr. John Eliot,
Esquire.*

‘The ample testimony of your true affection towards my Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, hath obliged me your servant. Yet lest the calumnious tongues of men might extenuate the good opinion you had of his worth and merit, I must ingenuously confess that my selfe and others of his servants were the occasion of exhaling his vertues into a darke eclipse ; which God knowes would have long endured both for the honour of his King and the good of the Commonaltie ; had not we whom his bountie nursed, laid on his guiltlesse shoulders our base and execrable deeds to be scand and censured by the whole senate of a state, where no sooner sentence was given, but most of us forsoke him, which makes us bear the badge of Jewes to this day. Yet I am confident there were some Godly Daniels amongst us. . . . As for myselfe, with shame I must acquit the title, and pleade guilty ; which grieves my very soule, that so matchlesse a Peer should be lost by such insinuating caterpillars, who in his owne nature scorn’d the least thought of any base, unworthy, or ignoble act, though subject to infirmities as ordained to the wisest.’

Some personal details of Bacon’s forgiving temper are given, and bribery, corruption, and simony all denied.

fragments of Bacon's writings which we may meet with in this unnoticed French edition.

Having left all this novel and unexpected prefatory matter, we next turn over the first few pages of the body of the work, and the first thing that strikes us is the singular arrangement of the literary material. The book professes to be a French translation of the 'Sylva Sylvarum,' or 'Natural History,' of Francis Bacon, recently published in London, *i.e.*, the next year after its author's death;—a book so well received that it attained to a second edition in 1628, three years before Amboise published his French version. We naturally expect to get Bacon's work rendered into French, and, indeed, the title page does not lead us to expect anything else, since it reads simply thus:—

'Histoire | Naturelle | de | M^{re} Francois Bacon | Baron
de Verulam, Vicomte de saint | Alban, & Chancelier
d'Angleterre. | A Paris, | Chez Antoine de Sommaville |
& André Soubron, associez, | au Palais dans la petite
Salle. | M.DC.XXXI. | Avec Privilege du Roy.'

It is, no doubt, partly this simple titular description which has kept the book so long in obscurity. For although it is a book of considerable rarity, and hardly ever met with in English libraries, still, there is a copy at the British Museum, which has evidently been there for many years, and

appears in the printed catalogue of 1813 under the entry : '*Bacon, Francis. Histoire Naturelle, L'Atlas Nouveau, 8vo., Par. 1631,*' which certainly would not tempt even a student of Bacon ; for he would infallibly take it to be a mere translation for the benefit of such Frenchmen as were not able to read Bacon in the original, and would pass it over. But as a matter of fact it is something very different. Indeed, I do not remember ever meeting with such an odd *translation* as this one. It neither begins at the same place as the English original, nor yet does it end with the same paragraphs ; and as for its middle, it is *there* that you have to look for the first page or two of Bacon's famous work. There are 416 pages of this French '*Histoire Naturelle,*' but the print is large, and the translation contains much less than the English edition of 1627 and 1628, on which it was presumably founded. Very large omissions here and there account for this decrease in size, but they are not deplorable omissions, for all was in print elsewhere. Indeed, we would have readily forgiven M. Amboise if he had omitted every word or paragraph he translated from Rawley, if he had only given in their place a full account and translation of the manuscripts and letters of Bacon, which he had procured in some

unknown way from England. But, failing this, we must still not refuse to accord him thanks for such additional information about Bacon as he has drawn from his original manuscripts and inserted in various chapters and under the different headings of his six books. Six books! Again the translator will not conform to Rawley's arrangements, for, as all readers of Bacon know, the English 'Sylva Sylvarum' has always been divided into ten centuries. But such matters are small literary details; what is more to our purpose is the additions he can give to our knowledge of our great countryman. I will therefore try to extract some new ore from this neglected mine.

CHAPTER II

THE INEDITED PARTS OF BACON'S MANUSCRIPT

WE meet with a small new vein of ore on the very threshold of the mine, for the very first chapters deal with Bacon's views on (1) The Generation of Metals, and (2) The Means of making Gold artificially (*par artifice*).

Surely this is rather a strange subject to put in the fore front of a French translation of Bacon's 'Natural History,' seeing that the original work begins with the words 'Digge a *Pit* upon the *Sea-shore*,' and deals with the subject of the straining or percolation of salt water. Did M. Amboise consider the great Lord Chancellor of England to be an alchemist first, and a natural philosopher afterwards? I do not think we can draw that inference, though I believe that young Bacon in his earlier Elizabethan days did pay considerable attention to the alchemistical philosophers, and was in addition a devoted admirer of Hermes

Trismegastus. Alchemy and the artificial making of gold comes first in this French translation, because Bacon put it first in the manuscript sources which Amboise used. We have evidently here a French rendering of Bacon's treatise on 'Natural History' in an earlier arrangement.

The way this treatise is divided into books (not centuries, like Rawley's), and the further arrangement that each book should begin by a general introductory chapter, together with much greater coherence in the subject matter throughout,—all these tend to show that we have here an earlier and more methodical work of Bacon on 'Natural History' than the larger jumble of experiments and facts which were published under Rawley's superintendence in 1627, shortly after the author's death. In fact, the relation between the two versions can be compared very suitably to the relation between an early quarto of a Shakespeare play and the same play as it appeared later in the First Folio of 1623. The play was the same in both cases, but there was revision, omission and addition brought to bear on the quarto. The 'Histoire Naturelle de M^{re} François Bacon' represents an early quarto, and Rawley's 'Sylva Sylvarum, or a Naturall Historie; In Ten Centuries; Written by the Right

Honourable Francis Lo. Verulam, Viscount St. Alban; Published after the Author's death,'—represents the final folio revision, with its larger bulk and odd omissions.

And just as lovers of Shakespeare would greet with much interest an early French quarto of, say, 'Hamlet' or 'Henry VI.,' so I hope lovers of Bacon will also greet with pleasure an early French edition of one of Bacon's works, containing many passages which either Bacon himself or the revisers of the first folio 'Sylva' of 1627 thought fit to omit, and which all the recent editors of Bacon's works, including the great Spedding, have missed entirely.* In any case, this neglected work of Bacon begins by an account of his views as to the possibility of making gold, and ends the chapter thus,—

'I shall content myself with putting on record these general maxims here, reserving a larger discourse wherein I intend to satisfy *les esprits curieux.*'

Here we have a distinct promise of a future monograph on the subject or art of making gold, which Bacon intended to write for the edification of curious inquirers. Whether this was found

* For the Gruters, the early German editors of Bacon, and their knowledge of this translation, see later on.

among Bacon's papers by Rawley or others we shall, most likely, never know; it certainly has not been printed.

We are not told much about this making of gold which we have not already extant in the 'Sylva.' In both versions Bacon fully believes that gold can be produced by a 'maturing' of other metals, and he thinks that silver is the best metal to experiment upon, and next copper. But from the French version we find that the sun, by common report, takes twice as long to make gold (by generative heat) as any other metals; and also that the inhabitants of Peru never took gold from their mines without certain grand and mystic ceremonies, considering the metal to possess a Divine nature.

Bacon also tells us here of a man who had assured him 'qu'une quinziesme partie d'argent se peut méler avec l'or, sans qu'on en puisse connoitre le melange par quelque sorte de separation.'

To make gold in this way seems very simple. If this had been all, Bacon might have soon made himself a rich man. But we read further, and find that the proper degree of heat and length of time occupied in the transmutation must be carefully reckoned, and probably Bacon's informant kept that to himself.

Here we find another instance of Bacon's wonderful power of hinting at and foreshadowing the scientific discoveries of future times. He was not a marvellous inventor like Edison, nor did he devote much time to practical mechanics or such forms of invention ; but he was a great thinker *par excellence* on the subject of subduing or ameliorating Nature, and as a theorist he occasionally let fall very precious seed, which in part has already germinated, and more probably will follow. Among the seed that is to germinate we may, it seems now, possibly reckon his frequent allusions and cogitations on the generation and transmutation of metals.

This has been forcibly brought to my mind at the present time by an account I have recently read of Sir William Ramsay's lecture at the London Institution (November, 1903) on the constitution and properties of that wonderful new substance, radium. He was asked this question,—‘Do you mean, Sir William, that it may be possible to employ the simpler elements in the building up of radium?’ His answer was,—‘It may.’ This looks rather like modern alchemy, and somewhat like the principle Bacon foresaw nearly 300 years ago.

But, near as these remarks bring us to Bacon's

foresight, we had only a month or two longer to wait, and then Sir Oliver Lodge, on January 5, 1904, brought us nearer still by speaking, as Principal of the Birmingham University, on radium in the following words, among many others,—

‘It affects our estimate of the probable age of the sun and the past age of the earth. It proves that the alchemists were not so mad as was thought, and that the transmutation of lead into gold, or gold into lead, is not an absurd dream.’

Now, this is really just what Bacon says, too :

‘Pour moy, bien que je tiene la chose tres-difficile, je ne l'estime pas neantmoins impossible.’

Nor did he seem at all inclined to modify the opinion here expressed when he handed to Rawley his later papers on this subject. In Century IV., Preface to Experiment 327, Rawley gives us this version of Bacon's view,—

‘The World hath been much abused by the opinion of *Making of Gold*: the Worke itself I judge to be possible: But the meanes (hitherto propounded) to effect it, are, in the Practice full of Errour and Imposture.’

I have no doubt that Sir Oliver Lodge would endorse all the above without the slightest reserve.

Bacon also states his opinion that it was more difficult to make a heavier metal out of a lighter one than to make a lighter metal out of a heavier one. If, therefore, it be possible for Bacon now to hear Sir Oliver giving the relative weights—gold = 196, radium = 225, thorium = 232, and uranium = 240—we may well imagine that he would conclude that one of the ‘deficiencies’ of the Terrene Globe was now on the way of being removed, and that, too, in accordance with his own vast projects. It is true that Bacon did not include ‘gold’ among the several ‘deficiencies’ he was so apt at illustrating in his philosophical works. But in another sense gold was a great ‘deficiency’ with him, for he very often felt it wanting, and it is thought he sometimes went to the Jews to supply it.

But let us leave Bacon as an alchemist, with the pleasing thought that if, as Bishop Hall tells us in his satires (Book IV., iv.), there seemed a chance that he (Labeo-Bacon) might ‘fall to alchemy,’ yet nevertheless he was fairly sane in his views about it.

Let us next hear Bacon’s views on a passion more powerful and more universal than even the passion for gold. I mean the master passion Love.

CHAPTER III

'DE L'AMOUR'

THERE is no chapter corresponding to this in our ordinary English editions of the 'Natural History,' and most of the remarks are new Baconian matter which has never, it seems, been referred to before. Any reflections of the great Francis Bacon on love must at this present juncture be very opportune.

Many people believe that he was the greatest delineator of the master passion of our race, in its most diverse and delicate phases, that ever lived. I will not here reason on this point, but pass on to these new utterances of the great exponent of the inductive philosophy; for Bacon was *that*, whatever else he may be shown to be.

I can well believe that his chaplain Rawley intentionally omitted the greater part of the contents of this chapter from his edition of Bacon's manuscripts; for it would undoubtedly

seem best to him, as a serious divine and a careful guardian of Bacon's reputation, not to put in print paragraphs and views so unworthy of the great Lord Chancellor. However, Rawley had no influence or authority over the man at Paris who had taken upon himself to introduce Bacon to the French public by help of some manuscripts he had been favoured with, and so this chapter on Love reached the eyes of French readers, in spite of Rawley's reticence, or it may be, of course, Bacon's own reticence, in a second revision of the manuscript history by his own hand.

The chapter on Love is a short one, unfortunately, and is not quite so ethereal and Ouranian as I had hoped for and expected. But, really, we have no right to look for the same treatment of the master passion by a natural philosopher as is generally bestowed upon it by poets in their 'fine phrenzy.'

The treatment in this short chapter x. is more allied to that which Bacon gives us in his 'Essays.' This we should reasonably expect. He begins with the old difficulty of defining the nature of love, and gives it as his opinion that Scaliger approached the nearest to a correct definition when he called it a 'sixth sense, composed of all the other five' ('Syl-Syl,' 694). This

preamble of the chapter is not new, for Rawley thought fit to insert this in his edition of the work.

But now we come to the part which, for some reason, was withheld from the English speaking public. I will transcribe the French *verbatim et literatim*, for thus, I think, its meaning will be best conveyed.

‘Aussi de le vouloir ranger sous le sens de l’attouchement, qui est le plus grossier de tous, c’est faire trop peu de cas d’un plaisir si sensible, et à la composition duquel toutes les parties du corps contribuent. Pour moy je pardonne facilement à l’erreur de ces grands personnages, qui se sont emportez jusques au point de croire que l’ame contribuast à cette action aussi bien que le corps ; s’étant imaginez que ce chatouillement que l’on y ressentoit, ne pouvoit proceder d’autre cause que d’une emission de quelques parcelles de l’ame.

‘Je ne doute point que cette opinion n’eust trouvé beaucoup de sectateurs si elle n’eust esté généralement condamnée par toutes les Religions dont elle destruisoit les fondemens. Mais je pense qu’il est beaucoup meilleur d’en demeurer à la creance de nos Peres, que de s’embarasser dans le recherche de cet Euripe, ou Aristote mesme eust pu se perdre. C’est pourquoy, sans m’arrester au principal, je parlerai seulement de quelques circonstances de ce plaisir.’

I here break off for a moment to notice two

points in the above. The first is, we have hence a plausible reason why Rawley omitted these remarks, if they were in his manuscript. Chaplain Rawley was a sound High Churchman, and would certainly hold such an opinion as that 'some particles of the soul' were emitted in the act of generation, and that these were responsible for the 'chatouillement' which ensued was an opinion to be most strongly condemned, and as little as possible mentioned in public print. But Bacon, as we see above, did *not* strongly condemn it, but seems to have thought it reasonable enough to be able to obtain a large belief and following, if religious prejudices could be kept out of the discussion, and, in fact, himself only took the ordinary view for reasons of expediency and tradition. This would never do for Rawley's book; so he left it out.

The second point is the word 'Euripe.' If any suspicious reader should be of the opinion that these new Baconian additions were inserted by Amboise out of his own head rather than out of any so called Baconian manuscripts, then I think this word 'Euripe' ought to remove such suspicions. This classical allusion is quite in Bacon's manner, and is duly jotted down in Bacon's 'Promus,' on folio 100, No. 794, along

with 'Chameleon' and 'Proteus.' It is apparently one of the many words which Bacon had noted down out of the 'Adagia' of Erasmus for his future use. It is placed with 'Chameleon' and 'Proteus' as the last of a triad of classical references connected with the idea of 'Change,' whether in colour, form or position. The Euripus was a roaring channel or arm of the sea between Bœotia and Eubœa, which was supposed to change its course backwards and forwards seven times a day (or six, as some say). There is a long account in Erasmus, where the word is applied to any man or any object that is inconstant and changeable, and Seneca's lines in one of his tragedies are quoted. We may give this allusion with some confidence to Bacon rather than to the French translator, who could have no particular reason to haul Euripus into a text where it had no proper standing, unless Bacon placed it there originally.

Let us, then, hear further Bacon's views on love, and some of the 'circonstances de ce plaisir.' I am sorry to say this great authority confines himself to the natural or physical circumstances solely. The reason, I suppose, is that, as the 'Sylva Sylvarum' was a treatise on 'Natural History' and facts that illustrate it, there was

therefore no need to go beyond those bounds. So he proceeds thus,—

‘ Il est certain que l’usage moderé de l’amour est necessaire pour l’entretien de la santé des corps bien composez, afin de soulager et d’exhaler les esprits par ce moyen, qui autrement dans la trop grande quantité se pourroient échauffer, et causer en mesme temps une inflammation dans toutes les parties du corps. C’est pour cette raison que quelquefois les Medecins en de certaines maladies ordonnent à leur malades l’usage du coit, et il s’en est trouvé qui ont mieux aimé perdre leur vie que leur virginité.’

There are some further remarks about excessive use of venery impairing the eyesight, but these are also found in Rawley’s edition. The new matter on ‘Love from Bacon’s point of view’ is, therefore, not of much length or importance, but any fresh utterances of men such as Bacon and Milton and Shakespeare cannot fail to interest many. And since Mr. Courthope, in his ‘History of English Poetry,’ has recently in his appendix to vol. iv. increased considerably our Shakespearian repertoire, and since Milton has been saddled very recently with a large and wondrous ‘Nova Solyma,’ it is quite in the order of the day that Bacon also should carry a little more luggage, if it can be really shown to belong to him.

CHAPTER IV

MUSIC AND ECHOES

WE now come to the second book, which deals with music and sound generally. Here at the very beginning we find an introductory chapter on music, which Rawley either omitted purposely or else never found among Bacon's papers. It is thoroughly Baconian in tone and composition, but, seeing that Bacon was a *concealed* poet, it would have been rather unadvisable for either Rawley or Bacon to make it public; for it shows that Francis Bacon was well acquainted with Saxo Grammaticus and his 'History of Denmark,' and consequently with the tragedy of Hamlet, as therein described. This might cause people to make undesirable inferences.

Bacon begins thus;—

'With the Ancients Music was in far greater esteem than it is with us now-a-days. Their philo-

sophers have filled whole volumes on the subject, and some of them have wished us to believe that the Universe is nought but a Harmony. Nor am I surprised that these great celebrities made it of so great account, since, if their tales be true, they used to observe its miraculous effects almost every day. Pythagoras boasts of having turned the natural spirit (or disposition) of a man of depraved habits into a good direction, and cured his vices merely by the soothing sweetness of certain harmonious sounds. Another writer tells us that Timotheus, a very skilled player on the pipes, moved Alexander the Great so forcibly by the exercise of his art, that he could not restrain himself from snatching up his weapons of war, and then, the next moment, by changing the tone of his music, the performer easily brought back this wild impulse within the bounds of ordinary reason.'

And without dwelling longer on these profane examples, I bring to mind what I have read in the fourth Book of Kings, that, when the prophet Elisha wished to predict to the Kings of Israel and Judah what their success in war against the Prince of Moab would be, he sent for an excellent player on the harp, as if he wished to inflame his words by the sound of this instru-

ment, and to induce yet higher his gift of prophecy.

The history of David, who by the sweet sounds of his harp chased away the evil spirit (*Le Demon*, in French) from Saul, well known as it is, is no less remarkable.

But I think that these effects proceeded quite otherwise than from a natural cause; and one can easily suppose that God willed that these instruments should possess a special virtue, so that in this way the reputation of His prophets should be increased. Two thousand years have rolled by since then without any written record of such powerful effects of music on the minds of men. In fact, I have only remarked a single example of such a marvel, and that was in 'The History of Denmark,' a book written by Saxo Grammaticus, who relates as a veritable history, that during the reign of King Ericus, there arrived at the Court of Denmark a musician very skilled in his profession, who boasted that he could produce the feelings of joy or sadness, of peace or rage, in the breasts of men, by the mere sounds of his music.

The King, who could not believe so strange a tale, wished to make a trial of his skill in his own person, and although the musician

explained that serious consequences might arise, he was not able to turn the King from his design ; and as the next thing was an absolute command from the King to proceed, he began by removing all weapons, and other articles that might be dangerous, out of the King's chamber. Next he placed certain men in a position where they would not be able to hear the music, and gave them orders to take charge of all those who should be seized by a furious impulse, so as to prevent any tragic issue. Everything being thus arranged, he took up his instrument and began to play so grave and serious an air that all were struck at once with a feeling of the deepest sorrow. Presently he changed the air from grave to gay, and the listeners likewise changed, and began even to dance. Finally, as the musician kept playing louder and louder, his hearers lost all self control, and showed their rage and folly by gestures and cries most strange and astonishing.

The fearful noise warned the men on guard that the music was taking effect, so they came and did their duty. Their first act was to try and secure the King, but his fury had so increased his ordinary strength that they could not hold him, and he, wresting himself from their charge, went down some stairs and seized a sword from

one of the palace soldiers, and with it slew four of his servants who tried to secure him a second time. When the King's furious excitement had quieted down and reason had come back to him, he was so grieved at what he had done that, although in a certain sense the deed was not his own fault or will, he was not satisfied with simply recompensing the widows and orphans, but determined to expiate his deed still further by making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

If this history be true, and we have it from an author worthy of credit, then the loss of so rare a gift is much to be deplored, and we have reason to blame the negligence of our predecessors, who during the lapse of ages have carelessly failed to transmit this wonderful kind of music to our own times, as well as the secrets of malleable glass and *pierres fusiles*.

Whether I should be bold enough to fight against the opinion of so many sages of antiquity, I cannot tell, but I have never been able to persuade myself that the motion of certain chords could work such powerful effects as to make us commit crimes worthy of mad rather than of sane persons.

I would not, however, deny that instrumental music is able to excite divers passions in the soul,

but these are comparatively feeble and insignificant, and yield to the slightest injunction of natural judgment. Moreover, it would be unjust that reason (which is the highest part of a man) should be thus in the power of a few notes of music, and should so easily lose its empire over all the passions of the soul, at the will of a mere player on the harp or lute.

So far all is new. The rest of this first chapter does not vary much from what Rawley printed in the 'Sylva Sylvarum,' but Rawley's paragraphs have to be sought out from all parts of his work, so confused is the arrangement; while the Baconian manuscript which the Frenchman procured, though much less in bulk than the 'Sylva Sylvarum,' is eminently methodical. The inference certainly seems to be, that included in this French version we have Bacon's original early sketch of his 'Natural History,' arranged in his own order, and that this manuscript sketch was either lost, stolen, or discarded, or else Bacon dictated to Rawley as much as he remembered or wished to remember of the first sketch.

However, there is a slight but interesting difference before the end of chapter i., concerning the music of the spheres. According to the French version, Bacon says,—

‘I hold it to be an assured fact that it is the meeting together of solid bodies that is the chief cause of sounds. This is the reason we do not hear the movement of the Heavens (though some say it is only constant habit that prevents us), nor yet the fall of stars.’

In ‘*Sylva Sylvarum*’ (115) it is expressed thus,—

‘The Heavens turne about, in a most rapid Motion, without *Noise* to us perceived ; though in some *Dreames* they have been said to make an excellent *Musick*.’

Seeing that one of the finest passages in our whole literature, viz., that one beginning,—

‘Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,’

Mer. V., V. i. 58.

has to do with heavenly but silent music, it is well to have a double version of the view of our great inductive philosopher on this transcendental subject. What did *he* think of this fine Shakespearian passage? And what did he think of the author of it, whose name he never once mentions, though they almost spent their lives together in the same city?

Perhaps we shall never get an answer to the

second question, but I verily believe we have in Bacon's words just quoted above the final answer to the first question, an answer which he believed to be the true one in the last years of his life, though perhaps not before, perhaps not when the first sketch of the 'Sylva' was written, for the answer does not appear there in the French version. What, then, was the judgment and answer of Bacon concerning the wondrous alchemy of words and lofty thought that meets us in Lorenzo and Jessica, Juliet and Romeo, and many another pair of lovers in the immortal dramas? What term did Francis Bacon use to describe such lofty ideals as Lorenzo poured into Jessica's enraptured ears on that moon lit bank? Alas that it should be so, he answered,— '*Dreames!*' Yes, the heavens do make an excellent music, so at least it has been said 'in some dreames.' And that was the last verdict of the philosopher alike on the early Plato and the recent Shakespeare, when they carried their thoughts to the Voices Beyond, and tried to lift men thither on the wings of aspiring verse or the fluttering heart hopes of religious myth.

And yet Bacon did not always think so. When he was a young man and had to do with masques and interludes and devices, I am sure he did not

think poesy an idle 'Dreame.' Nor yet in his first great philosophical work, 'The Advancement of Learning,' in 1605, where he declares 'Poesy' to be one of three goodly fields, 'History' and 'Experience' being the other two, where 'observations grow' concerning men's natures and dispositions. But later in life when 'The Advancement' was revised and enlarged, his views of poesy were altered considerably, though not yet fallen to the 'Dreames' of the latest 'Sylva.'

But we must return to the French book in search of new matter. For several chapters there is nothing novel, though there is much variation of language, until we come to the account of the church at Gloucester.

'I have seen,' says Bacon, 'a church at Gloucester, of pretty great length, where if you speak close to one of the walls your words will be perfectly heard at the other end of the church, although the distance between is from 40 to 50 paces. And I think,' he adds, 'that the ancients intended to refer to buildings of this kind, when they handed down to us the proverb that often the walls reveal our secrets.'

We next find, in chapter ix., some new personal details. Bacon is speaking of echoes, especially multiple ones which he had heard.

One was at Charenton, near Paris, when he was in France before his father died. This we hear of also in Rowley's 'Sylva.' But the next one is certainly new to me, and seems to mean that Bacon had been to Edinburgh, a journey, I believe, totally unrecorded in the many Lives that have been written of the great Lord Chancellor. I will give the French verbatim, for I am not sure that we can draw a *certain* conclusion from the French wording that Bacon personally visited the Scottish capital.

'J'ai autrefois ouy l'Echo de Charenton pres de Paris, repetant une mesme chose sept ou huit fois assez distinctment : et me souvient que pres de Dimbourg (*sic*) en Escosse, il y en a un qui repete entierement le *Pater noster*, depuis le commencement jusques à la fin.

'Je tiens aussi de personnes dignes de foy, que pres l'Eglise Saint Sebastien de Rome, en une antique sepulture que l'on nomme Teste de Bœuf, il se trouve un Echo qui reitere par sept fois les dernieres syllabes des paroles que l'on a proferees.'

My own impression is that Bacon meant that he 'remembered' about the echo near Edinburgh *from reading or hearing about it*, but he certainly does not say so.

As to Gloucester, Bacon speaks plainly of a

personal visit. I have read somewhere that Bacon had some Church property at or near Cheltenham, but I forget the reference.

At the end of chapter xi. Bacon gives us a personal touch.

‘I am convinced,’ he says, ‘that Music heightens any particular feeling that may possess us for the moment. In my own case, when I am feeling happy, music adds to my happiness of mind, and when I feel sorrowful or vexed, it makes me yet more so.’

CHAPTER V

MEDICINE AND PLANTS

WE now come to the fourth book, 'On Medecine,' and here again the introductory chapter is new and interesting, for personal details concerning Bacon's health.

'I have no doubt whatever that there is a special science dealing with the maladies of mankind and their cure, but I think that it still remains among the number of the sciences yet unknown. The great differences and contradictions to be found in the most eminent authorities on this subject, and the small amount of certainty I find in their methods,—all these induce me to speak of the science of medicine as I do. Indeed, it does not astonish me that the Romans were more than 600 years without the knowledge of it in their Republic, nor yet that there are still so many nations quite without it, since it is a practice which seems to increase the infirmities of men rather than alleviate them.

‘The inhabitants of America and the other countries discovered within the last hundred years all enjoy much better health than we do, and live to an extreme old age (*à l’âge décrepité*), while all the potions which physicians drench us with are unknown to them. This fact makes me think that Nature herself would be strong enough to heal the greater part of our maladies without any other help if we had not weakened and, so to speak, stifled her action by the use of drugs. I think medicine and clothes are similar cases. Man had by nature as sufficient covering to defend himself against the weather as the animals had, but the custom of wearing clothes has rendered that impossible now which was natural at first.

‘In the same way the custom which has prevailed of using so many medicines has blunted the force of Nature, and obliged us to resort to doctors. Our ancestors have accustomed themselves to this, and in begetting us into the world they seemed to have laid the same rule upon us, so that their first mistake passes to us as a necessity. To speak of myself, I have great reason to complain of this, since my bad constitution comes from no other cause. My father had such faith in the rules and precepts of the Medical Art that, although he was in a perfect state of health considering his age, he never let a month pass without taking medicine. This habit so weakened his stomach that very often, through merely purging himself to guard

against an illness, he the rather brought one on. The result was, he was obliged to pass the latter part of his life in bondage to doctors and apothecaries. It was my misfortune to be born during this latter period, and to experience from my very birth my share in my father's infirmities, which I might call my second original sin. My body was so ill constituted and its humours so unhealthy that the doctors thought I could not live long (*me jugerent pour confisqué*), and were sure that I should never reach my fourteenth year. But in this I have good reason to decry them as bad judges, since, contrary to their opinion, I have prolonged my life to sixty years, and have the hope of still further prolonging it.* It is true that I owe this good fortune to the particular care I have always taken of my health. My belief has been that his own health ought to be the first study of every man, and for that reason, during the most busy years of my life, I always reserved some opportunities for the due care of my bodily health. I conformed to a diet and habit of living very different from that which is usual, and strictly abstained from everything which I had found to disagree with me. I sometimes dosed myself with herbs and roots, whose properties I

* This passage at least was written before his fall, and nearly five years before he began to dictate to Rawley his 'Natural History' in its extended form.

knew, but in a different way from that of the ordinary apothecaries.

‘If therefore I take upon myself to insert in this my work certain mention of medical matters, it must not be thought strange, for necessity having made me acquainted with the subject, I am able to speak of many things of which I have had personal experience.’

This is certainly an interesting and promising introduction, but, as a matter of fact, the rest of this fourth book contains very little more than we have already in Rawley’s ‘Sylva,’ where it is scattered here and there without much arrangement. But chapter v. ‘On the Use of Milk,’ contains a curious observation of Bacon which is new. He says that,—

‘Nature in order to make milk more enticing to children has given it a colour not its own (*une teinture contrefaite*), in order that children at the breast may not be horrified at the thought of drinking their mother’s blood.’

This is rather an odd piece of natural history to get from the great inductive philosopher. How old Alexander Ross would have enjoyed worrying this with his criticisms! But, unfortunately for him, it was not in his edition of the ‘Sylva.’ However, he got his teeth in Bacon for several other

rather strange assertions.* The fact is, Bacon used too wide a cast net in these collections for his history, and was not sufficiently careful to discriminate between good and bad.

Book IV. begins with the usual introductory chapter of new matter not hitherto given either by Rawley or Gruter. This book deals with plants and herbs, and there is a great deal in the introductory chapter about Solomon and his great knowledge of this particular subject. King Solomon was a personage that Bacon took much interest in, and is one of the small band of historical celebrities who were specially held up as copies or examples, and referred to frequently by Bacon in his various works. Other examples were Alexander, Julius Cæsar and Tacitus. Solomon's house in the 'Nova Atlantis' will recur to all readers. This new chapter is rather too long to quote entire, but there is a little personal touch at the end, where we learn that Bacon was untiring in his experiments for improving trees, shrubs, and garden plants—a fact which his

* Bacon had a theory about children begotten when the father was drunk,—'Saturday night children' is, I believe, the modern term for them. Ross smites this theory hip and thigh, by going to the Bible for Lot and his two daughters.

biographers have gathered from other sources. He says,—

‘My wish here is to let the reader obtain from me the knowledge I have myself gained from an almost countless number of experiments which my natural curiosity prompted me to make. My object has been generally either to improve the plants of the garden, or to quicken or retard the maturity of fruit bearing trees, or to give them some unusual development, or to work upon them in such other ways as the following pages will show.’

Much of the contents of this fourth book appears in Rawley’s edition, but there are some new remarks about mushrooms, figs, and drunkenness which are interesting as coming from the great Francis Bacon. He says,—

‘Mushrooms are nothing but an excrement or sweat yielded forth from the earth, and they have their origin from the over moistness of the ground gently acted upon by the rays of the sun. This is the reason why the greatest supply of mushrooms is found in the spring,—that time of the year when the Earth begins to be in love (*quand la terre commence à se mettre en amour*), and wishes us to see the first signs of her fecundity.’*

* My own impression is that autumn is the season when mushrooms are most plentiful, or at least a late summer ; but, for the sake of this fine poetical idea of the Earth’s love, I hope Bacon is right.

Can it be possible that Bacon's mind was naturally cast in the mould of poetry? Can it be that Bacon was really a great poet, but, by some strange fate, mute, inglorious, concealed? What sane literary man dares to say so, in the face of Spedding, who spent a lifetime of research upon Bacon's life and times and letters, and laughed at the idea? No; we must be content to say here that Bacon was a philosopher, and that by some *peculiar mental twist*, when discoursing on mushrooms, he brings in the loves of the Earth and the Sky in early spring. And if any of my readers should presume to say or think that in such a passage as this they seem to see the marvellous way in which—

‘The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven,’

well, in that case I would say the only thing to be done with such people would be to obtain the joint certificate of those eminent experts in lunacy, Messrs. Sidney Lee and Churton Collins, for their committal to some asylum for the insane and irrational. The certificate would doubtless possess the charm of being drawn up in the polite and courteous language of Lord Chesterfield, which these two Shakespearians so much affect,

and we should in addition get rid of sundry 'tiresome littery people,' and Messrs. Lee and Collins could most appropriately be recommended for the *Civil* List, a piece of promotion whose very name admirably fits such paragons of literary courtesy.

Bacon also gives us some personal experiments in producing mushrooms,—

'I have often found out that by burying pieces of the bark of a poplar tree on slices of a stag's horn in a hotbed we have been able to produce mushrooms. They most likely come from the putrefaction of these substances.'

But it should be noticed here that in the corresponding passage of Rawley's edition the personal element is entirely omitted. What the '*Sylva Sylvarum*' (547-549) says is this,—

'It is reported, that the *Barke* of *White* or *Red Poplar* (which are of the moistest of *Trees*) cut small, and cast into *Furrowes* well dunged, will cause the ground to put forth *Mushromes* at all *Seasons* of the *Yeare*, fit to be eaten. . . . It is reported that *Hart's-Horne*, *Shaven* or in *Small Peeeces*, mixed with *Dung* and *watred*, putteth up *Mushromes*.'

Whether Bacon or Rawley is responsible for this variation of report it is vain to inquire.

Another personal experience is connected with fertilizing the soil. Bacon approves of the use of animal's dung for enriching the soil, on account of its greasy and saltish character, and adds,—

‘For the same reason earth taken from the margin of the sea has a similar good effect, due no doubt to its saline properties. I have often tried this experiment myself to improve the gardens of a house that I have near the sea.’

I do not think this means that Bacon ever *lived* near the sea, for I do not remember any allusion to such a thing either in his Life or letters. It was possibly some property that was given to him by the Queen in early days. Some Church patronage or living in the West of England, I believe, belonged to him.

On drunkenness he remarks,—

‘As gold and silver are rightly esteemed the most perfect of all minerals, so are wine and corn the most excellent productions of the vegetable world. I would readily follow the opinion of Callisthenes the Philosopher, who assured Alexander the Great that wine was nothing else but the blood of the earth. It is most certain that wine would be of the greatest use for curing our maladies and preserving us in health, if our continual use of it did not prevent the natural

effect. . . . What induced me to form this opinion was that I once knew two cottagers who through extreme poverty never took any beverage but water or small beer. But whenever they had any illness, a little wine taken as medicine cured them directly, and thus they both lived to a great age without recourse to anything else.'

When on this subject of drink he makes the remark that,—

'a writer of the present century, when depicting the effects of drunkenness, has well observed that, properly speaking, a man under the power of drink was not a man at all until the following morning.'

Nothing new follows till we come to chapter xi., which has for its heading, 'Of Figs' ('Des Figues'). Here Bacon shows himself in the mingled light of an epicure and a Biblical essayist. It is certainly a curious little chapter, so I give it entire.

'L'amour que je porte à ce fruit merite bien que je lui donne place en cette ouvrage, et que je remplisse un Chapitre entier de ses louanges, pour fair voir que ce n'est pas sans beaucoup de raisons si je l'estime jusques au point de le preferer à tous ceux que la nature nous produit. Je ne sçay si mon goust a quelque chose en cela d'extravagant ou de particulier, mais j'avoue

librement que les melons d'Italie, les pesches et les muscats que l'on prise si fort, a mons airs, ne sont pas comparables a l'excellence de celuy dont nous parlons. Et je me laisserois volontiers emporter a l'opinion de ces anciens Docteurs de la première Eglise, Irenée et Tertulian (*sic*) qui ont crû que la figue estoit ce fruit du Paradis terrestre, dont l'usage fut defendu à nostre premier Pere. Je ne sçay si leur sentiment estoit fondé sur quelque passage des anciens Rabins, ou s'ils vouloient faire alusion (*sic*) à la double signification de ce mot Grec *σῦκος*, qui suivant l'opinion d'Aristophane, se peut prendre pour les parties honteuses de la femme, voulant dire que c'estoit elle qui avoit porté son mary à la transgression des defences divines.

'Mais je pense plutost que ces grands personnages ont voulu faire entendre que si ce fruit du Paradis terrestre nous estoit resté parmy ceux dont nous avons la connoissance, ce doit être la figue, comme le plus exquis de tous, et le plus capable de tenter l'homme.

'Pour moy je regrette extremement que la nature m'ait fait naistre en un pays ou je ne puisse donner à mon goust le satisfaction que je souhaiterois. Et c'est un malheur commun à tous les païs froids de ne produire simplement que les choses absolument necessaires à la vie, et d'estre toujourns depourveus des douceurs et des delicatesses.'

In the fifth book of the French translation I notice little absolutely new, except a remark about Alexander the Great, who certainly occupied a good large corner of Bacon's mind, and was constantly being brought in to point a moral or adorn a tale. In the eleventh chapter of this book we have an account of how the Emperor Augustus, when visiting Alexandria, to satisfy his curiosity, had the tomb of Alexander the Great opened, and found the body entire, but very soft, so that the mere touching of the nose put it quite out of shape. Bacon, who had read this account of the wax like nose in Plutarch, thinks there was some mistake made in the relation of this matter, because, to his knowledge, mummies were hard and almost petrified, through the stiffness of the resinous bands in which they were wrapped. Bacon supposes that in Alexander's case the embalming matter was of a superior quality, and that possibly no enshrouding bands were used. He adds this remark, which Rawley quite ignores,—

‘ I well know that some authors, and amongst them Papinius, inform us that Alexander's body was embalmed with honey alone, but I do not credit their statement.’

In the sixth book there is a curious piece of

personal information, in which for the second time we seem to be distinctly told that Bacon had visited Scotland. It is found in chapter v., where Bacon is discussing whether a man can move when his head has been cut off. He decides for the negative, but adds this strange piece of historical information,—

‘I have nevertheless seen in Scotland the body of a gentleman of very high rank and influence from which the head had just been severed, and I have seen this same headless body, when placed without delay in a wooden coffin, actually burst the coffin with great force. But I am unable to give any reason for it.’

I have no doubt that this account was in Bacon's manuscript which the Frenchman obtained, for it is in the highest degree unlikely that such a tale should be invented to fill up the French book, when, if required, plenty of additional matter could have been translated from Rawley's edition. If so, the question naturally arises, Why was this interesting personal anecdote left out? Also, Was it purposely omitted by Bacon or by Rawley? Had Bacon been to Scotland on matters of secret State policy when Queen Elizabeth was alive, and was therefore such a tale better kept from the public? The former omission of the

tale about Edinburgh seems to suggest something of this kind, for Edinburgh would be a likely place to go to for a political mission. It would be well if we could determine whose beheading is referred to, but Bacon was presumably about sixty years old when he wrote this manuscript, and we should have several executions to choose from. Bacon, too, might have gone to Scotland as a boy or during the Cambridge vacations.

Here I will end my extracts from the new matter of Bacon's manuscript. The remaining part of the French translation is much taken up with what is called 'The Transmission of Spirits,' and which has many points of similarity to what in these days we term 'telepathy.'

Bacon also discusses witches very sensibly ; he was much ahead of his age here. He has somewhat to say on 'The Emission of Spirits,' which seems somewhat akin to fascination and mesmeric influence ; and altogether he is so interested and so thoughtful in these occult subjects, that, if he 'could appear' at one of the special meetings of the Psychological Research Society, I feel sure he would be invited to join the committee, or at least to give his opinion as *amicus curiæ*.

CHAPTER VI

BACON'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS

AND now, last of all, I have to give an account of the curious causes which prevented these interesting new facts about Bacon from being mentioned by any of his biographers in recent times. For it must strike everyone as a most extraordinary thing that two such lifelong searchers as Spedding and Montagu failed to notice the Frenchman's new information about Bacon, although it had been in print so many years. The fact is it was suppressed by Rawley's influence on Isaac Gruter, otherwise Spedding, and Montagu, and all the world, would have read it in Bacon's collected works.

To make this plain to all who are not well acquainted with the brothers Gruter, I would repeat that when Bacon died he left many manuscripts of works ready for the press, or nearly so, and his literary executors had the charge of

them, with certain injunctions as to the publication of some portions being deferred. Rawley, as private chaplain and chief literary executor, proceeded with his work on his portion of the manuscript; but the other executors, Constable and Boswell, seemed to agree that a Continental scholar, James Gruter, would be able to edit and publish Bacon's posthumous writings better than they could hope to do, for it was a Latin edition of the works that was contemplated for foreign readers on the Continent, in accordance with the frequently expressed conviction of Bacon that Latin was the only language that would last unchanged.

Now, it appears that James Gruter translated Bacon's 'Natural History' out of French into Latin 'in such ill manner that they darkened his Lordship's Sence and debased his Expression.' Tenison tells us this in his 'Baconiana' (p. 42), and adds,—

'James Gruter was sensible of his miscarriage, being kindly advertised of it by Dr. Rawley; and he left behind him divers amendments published by his Brother Isaac Gruter in a second Edition.'

Next, in order to see how Isaac Gruter wished to publish the French additions in his own revised

second edition, we must read part of his letters to Rawley of May 29, 1652, and March 20, 1655.

In the first letter Isaac Gruter explains how 'by reason of the immature death of my brother' he was so busy in settling his affairs that he had delayed answering Rawley's letter. He then proceeds to refer to his late brother's Latin translation of the 'Natural History,' which was clearly the subject of previous correspondence between them. He writes,—

The Design of him, who translated into French the Natural History of Lord Bacon (of which I gave account in my former Letters), is briefly exhibited in my Brother's Preface, which I desire you to peruse; as also in your next Letter to send me your Judgment concerning such Errors as may have been committed by him.

'That Edition of my Brother's of which you write, that you read it with a great deal of pleasure, shall shortly be set forth with his Amendments, together with some Additions of the like Argument to be substituted in the place of the *New Atlantis* which shall there be omitted. These Additions will be the same with those in the Version of the fore mentioned Frenchman, put into Latine; seeing we could not find the English

originals from which he translates them,* unless you when you see the Book shall condemn those Additions as adulterate.

‘For your Observations on those Places, either not rightly understood, or not accurately turned out of the English by you published, . . . I intreat you not to deny me the sight of them; that so I may compare them with the Corrections which my Brother (now with God) did make with a very great deal of pains.’

From this, which is printed in Tenison’s ‘Baconiana,’ p. 227, we see that James Gruter made his translation from Rawley’s English ‘*Sylva Sylvarum*,’ as we should naturally expect, and not from the French version. But I have already quoted Tenison as saying that James Gruter made his Latin translation from the French. How Tenison could make such a gross error when he printed Isaac Gruter’s letter as above I cannot tell; it certainly looks as if Tenison had never read or even seen the French version, for the difference between the two is radical and striking from the very beginning.

This will appear still more likely from the next

* The Gruters had evidently looked for the original manuscript or some copy of it among the Bacon manuscripts they possessed.

letter, where Tenison again blunders about the 'French Interpreter,' in a side-note to Gruter's letter to Rawley of March 20, 1655. At this date Gruter refers to a forthcoming collected edition of 'Lord Bacon's works,' and adds,—

'For the French Interpreter who patch'd together his Things I know not whence* and tacked that motley piece to him; they shall not have a place in this *great Collection*. But yet I hope to obtain your leave to publish a part as an Appendix to the Natural History, that *Exotick Work* gathered together from this and the other place [of his Lordship's writings] and by me translated into Latine.'

Here we see plainly enough that Gruter wishes the Frenchman's account to come forth to the world decked in his own Latin. He even promises to 'animadvert upon them' and defend Rawley from the remarks of 'that shameless person' who 'in his Preface to the Reader so stupidly wrote of the worthy Chaplain.'

But nothing, it seems, would induce Rawley to give permission to publish any extracts or translations from the French book, and I do not think these French addenda to Bacon's life and habits

* Certain spurious papers added to his translation of the 'Advancement of Learning.'

have been referred to by any one since. There have been numerous editions both in England and abroad of Bacon's works, both separate and collected, but no one put a sickle upon the French field.

There was undoubtedly a great deal of secrecy maintained with regard to Bacon's manuscripts, and great care exercised in selecting those proper for publication, and also in keeping in 'faithful Privacie' those that were to be withheld for a longer or shorter period, as circumstances might require.

Rawley seems to have had the chief management and power of selection or repression, and this letter shows two things very clearly, (1) That the editor of 'Baconiana' (1679), 'T. T.' (Thomas Tenison), knew very little about the French translations when he put in the above ridiculous side-note; for the correspondence was not about the 'Advancement of Learning' at all, but about the 'Natural History,' and, moreover, there is nothing whatever tacked on to Baudoin's French translation of the former work, as 'T. T.' suggests. (2) It is evident that Gruter was very anxious to know the secrets that Rawley was keeping back. This is how Gruter ends his epistle,—

'At present I will support the Wishes of my impatient desire, with hope of seeing one Day,

those [Issues] which being committed to faithful Privacie, wait the time till they may safely see the Light, and not be stifled in their Birth. . . . For I am persuaded as to the other *Latine Remaines*, that I shall not obtain for present use, the removal of them from the place in which they now are. Farewel.

‘MAESTRICHT,

‘*March 20, 1655 (new style).*’

And here I must conclude with the expression of regret that my recovery of long unnoticed facts about Bacon has still left so much concealment hanging over his literary remains. There seems to have been a determined, a far reaching, and a successful endeavour to keep Bacon’s private papers and letters from publication. Otherwise how was it that certain letters of Bacon (‘*quelques Lettres du même Auteur*’) obtained the full privilege of the King of France to be printed and copyrighted, and then, after all, never appeared? Who ‘stayed’ them? What did they contain that it was so imperative that they should not appear even in a foreign country and a foreign language? What did some of Bacon’s manuscripts contain that, to use Gruter’s words as late as 1655, they would not be ‘safe,’ and would be ‘stifled in their birth’?

Perhaps we are on the verge of this discovery

at last in these early years of the twentieth century. Who knows?

It seems perfectly clear, anyhow, that Rawley looked forward to some *future century*, when Bacon's wonderful life work would be *beautified* and *completed*. He told the world this shortly after Bacon's death, when he presented to the public a part only,—and not the most important part either,—of the tributes of praise given by Bacon's friends, and known as the 'Manes Verulamiani.' Rawley said then, 'I preserve in my house the most and the best of the verses'; and there is no doubt he was most persistent in holding back anything that might not be proper for that generation to know. But he always speaks as if he felt sure that the whole truth was bound to be revealed at some future time or century, and the woodcut emblems which adorned the title-pages of the earlier editions of the 'New Atlantis' point very curiously in the same direction. The world must wait God's time in this matter, so thought Rawley, and added these last words, which shall be also mine,—

'But to whatsoever century it may be granted to add the final touch, it is enough that to God alone is given to know the time.'

CHAPTER VII

AN ELIZABETHAN BOOK HITHERTO UNNOTICED—
' A WOMAN'S WOORTH ' (1599)

I NEXT call attention to a very rare and remarkable book of the date 1599, in which I venture to suggest that there are certain sonnets and dedications which may well have come from the fertile brain of Francis Bacon. The book is anonymous, but is edited by an Anthony Gibson, who says that it was the work of a friend of his who was connected with the Court, but was just then absent from it. It claims to be a translation from the French, and there are signs, such as the motto 'Patere aut abstinere' on the title-page, that the book generally is the work of Anthony Munday, though we do not see the familiar 'A. M.' of this indefatigable translator subscribed anywhere. As the book is practically inaccessible, I may be excused for presenting some of the more important parts for the reader's judgment, especially as we

are introduced to Mary Fitton and other lively Maids of Honour. The title is,—

‘A Womans Woorth, defended against all men in the world. Proving them to be more perfect, excellent and absolute in all vertuous actions, than any man of what qualitie soever. Written by one that hath heard much, seene much, but knowes a great deale more.

‘Patere aut abstinence.

‘Imprinted at London by John Wolfe, and are to be solde at his shop in Popes head Alley, neere the Exchange. 1599.

(Ff. 12, pp. 140, in 12mo.)

Entered Stationers’ Registers, January 26, 1599.’

The first thing to be noticed is the woodcut chapter heading, with winged boy in centre, like other anonymous (Baconian?) books, and allied to the ‘Indian Prince’ design of the 1623 folio and other (Baconian) books.

The dedication is as follows,—

‘*To the Right Honourable Lady, Elizabeth,
Countesse of Southampton.*

‘Truely honor’d Lady, and by me (for many your great favours) to bee ever (more) then honoured. As some testimony of my dutifull remembrance, to answere by humble thankfulnessse what all other meanes utterly disable me of, some part of such your especiall open handed graces received; I offer you a translated Apologie

of womens fair vertues, written in French by a Lord of great reckoning, given by him to a very honourable Dutchesse, since translated by a fellow and friend of myne now absent, who gave me trust to see it should not wander in the world unregarded, or deprived of that beatitude which makes bookes respected, whereto animated beside by divers my good friends : I have (noble Lady) the rather thus presumed. If either then for the subject, myselfe, or my friendes sake, it may seeme any way pleasing to you ; the Frenche Lord never thought his labour halfe so graced, as I will continually confesse our fortunes honoured.

‘ Yours Honours ever obliged

‘ ANTHONY GIBSON.’

‘ *To the Right Honorable the Countesse of South-hampton.*

‘ The love (most honor’d Lady) that I owe
 To your high vertues cannot be confined
 In words or phrases : nor can paper showe
 The object-lesse endeavours of my minde.
 How then shall any (though the purest spirit
 That sucks the seaven-fold flower of art) expresse
 The genuine glories of your Angell-merit,
 Which shine the more in that you make them lesse ?
 Now could I wish I had a plenteous braine,
 That thence (as from Invention’s clearest floud)
 Those formes might flow, compos’d in a rich vaine :
 That crowne your noblesse,* and enrich your bloud.

Then woulde my zeale breake forth like mornings fier
 That now lies spent in sparkes of my desier.’

* Early use of this word, which is also in Shakespeare.

‘*To the worthy Ladyes, and vertuous Maydes of Honor, to her royal Majesty; Mistresse Anne Russell, Mistress Margaret Ratcliffe, Mistress Mary Fitten and the rest, &c.*

‘Vertuous Ladies and Right Honorable Maides, attending on the only vertuous Ladye and Maide in the world: the duteous affection I beare yee, and the unvaluable respected graces received from you severally, is the onlie advocate must pleade for my present boldnesse. . . . A friend and fellow servant with me to her Majesty having left in trust with me this little treatise, being a Paradoxe Apologicall of womans vertues, written in French by an honorable person, and dedicated by him to a worthy Dutchesse: knowing my friendes intent to sute with mine, that on you (rather than any other) the same should be bestowed as only true Ideas of vertue, and glories of your Sexe: In his absence (though yet in his harts meaning I know), I offer both his good will and mine thus joyntly together.

‘If you give it but good lookes it is all I desire. . . . In which hope I humbly commit this translation to your favorable perusing, and my very uttermost travailes to be at your commaunding.

‘Your ever most devoted,

‘ANTHONY GIBSON.’

As to this editor, Anthony Gibson, I find that

he contributed a prefatory and customary laudation to a book by Anthony Munday in 1602, so I assume that he was a friend of Munday, and connected in some minor official way with the Court, as Munday himself was. I have in my library one of Munday's books, unique, I believe, as it is not mentioned in the long list in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' and in my book there seems an allusion to the above letter of Gibson's, and also to the book, 'A Woman's Woorth,' which we are now dealing with. It should be noticed that Gibson, as above, calls the treatise 'A Paradoxe Apologicall of womans vertues.'

Now, my book,—'The True Knowledge of a Man's Owne Selfe. London: Printed by I. R. for William Leake, 1602,'—has a dedication to 'Maister John Swynneston, Esquire,' signed 'An: Mundy,' and in it occurs this passage,—

'Now my humble sute unto your worship is, that in regard of some breach of promise, concerning my *Paradox Apologie*, which long since you should have had, but that the troubles of the time, and the misinterpretation of the worke by some in authoritie, was the only cause why it went not forward: that you would please to accept of this excellent labour, not as in discharge of that former debt, because it being again

restored me, shall shortly come to answer for itself.'

This leads us to the inference that Munday's book, 'A Woman's Woorth,' was 'stayed' from publication in 1599 by some persons in authority, who objected to some things in it, and that only in 1602 was the right of publication 'restored' to Munday. Now, what could be objectionable in 'A Woman's Woorth'? Well, I think the sonnets to *Mistresse Anne Russell* and to *Mistresse Mary Fitton* might easily be a reason. For the former is the young lady who was married with such grand festivities at Blackfriars on June 16, 1600, when *William Herbert* and *Lord Cobham* conducted the bride to church, and the Queen was there under the 'Canopy,' as we have already heard of several times. Now, the sonnet to *Mistresse Russell* in this anonymous work calls her 'dearest of dearest'—rather familiar, certainly—and the noble lord who was going to marry her in a little more than a year's time may not have liked it. If he had an inkling that it was *Francis Bacon*, her cousin, who called her 'dearest of dearest,' he may have liked it still less, and have imagined that he was being 'cozened' to some bad effect. A man who can write so elegantly about 'the Aulter of a faithfull heart,' and 'the

flames of zeal and love ' burning on it, is no mean rival. And the latter lady was the graceful leader of masques, Mary Fitton, who had no doubt danced her way into the affections of more and older Court gallants than the youthful William Herbert. Such people had 'authoritie' and influence in press matters then, and we can well understand they would exert it from personal reasons.

But we will now produce the sonnets, which were all unsigned.

' To the Honourable Mistresse Anne Russell.

' Lady to whom my true devoted love
 Hath been engadged in more than wit can pay,
 Which to discharge, the more I still have strove,
 The more in deepe arrearedge every day.
 So much from me unto yourselfe is due,
 That all my thoughts unto the debt must runne,
 Yet is there more remaining unto you,
 And as these cros'd, so others are begun.
 Dearest of dearest :* take in thankefull part,
 This sacrifice which may my will approve :
 Upon the Aulter of a faithfull heart.†
 Consumed in the flames of zeale and love,
 True honourable Virgin ever live,
 In all that art, that time, that flame can give.'

* Cf. Sonnet XLVIII. 7, 'Thou, best of dearest.'

† Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. ii. 73, for a very similar idea.

‘ *To the Honourable Mistresse Margaret Ratcliffe.*

‘ To you (dear Nymph) whose wit and forme enflames
 A world of spirits, with wonder of your graces,
 That (in their strength) pursew no higher ames
 Than how to give your bounties soveraigne places.
 I heere am bold to make extent of will,
 Though not of power. Pardon my first *essay* :
 I go by night now to the *Muses* hill*
 But I may live, to drinke there, at Mid-day.
 O then : my soule shall flow through my cleare vaines,
 And (taking light from your bright vertues speare)
 Pay richer duties in farre-sweeter straines,
 Tun’d to your worth, and set to every eare.
 Had I a *Spencers* spirit, a *Daniel’s* powers :
 Th’ extracted quintessence were only yours.’

‘ *To the Honourable Mistresse Fitten.*

‘ This testimonie of my true hearts zeale,
 Faire,† and (for ever honord) vertuous maide :
 To your kinde favour humbly dooth appeale,
 That in construction nothing be mis-saide.
 Those fierie spirits of high temperd wit,
 That drinke the dewe of heaven continually :
 They could have graced you with termes more fit,
 Then can my lowlie, poore, weake ingenie.

* This and the next line are applicable to a ‘concealed poet,’ such as Bacon was.

† ‘ For I have sworne thee faire : more perjured I
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie.’

Let not my love (yet) slightly passe respect,
 Devoted onely to your excellence :
 Winke woorthy Virgin at my lines defect,
 Let Will extenuate whatere offence.

It is no bountie that is given from store,
 Who gives his hart, what gift can he give more ?

There are several words in this sonnet to the notorious Mary Fitton which point rather in the direction of Shakespeare-Bacon. *Extenuate* is a word used eight times in the plays, and once more in 'Venus and Adonis.' The very phrase 'extenuate his offence' occurs in 'Measure for Measure' (II. i. 27), and the critic Hallam noticed the word as typical of the high Latinized culture of Shakespeare. It certainly was not a popular word, and though a learned University preacher here and there might use it for decorative purposes once or twice in his volume of sermons, the plays of Shakespeare were the first in the field to accentuate and spread abroad this learned word. Again, *ingenie* strikes me as Baconian, and so do 'those fierie spirits of high temperd wit.' (Cf. 'King John' V. ii. 114.) Note, too, that word *Will* in the twelfth line. Do we not recognise the *Will* that meets us so often in the sonnets ?

‘*To all the Honorable Ladies and Gentlewomen
of England.*

‘Ladies (and most perfect Ideas of all vertues,) I have so many times admired your rare perfections, brought from the Theater of the very best assemblies thorow Europe; that having combated with my own naturall affections, which till then had no matter of marvaile offered them; of necessitie now must needs (by right confesse) that you are the only wonders of time and eternity. And that I am not misse-led heerein, *Mercurius Trismegistus* stands forth in your cause, and thus defends yee against all your enemies.

‘*A soule enclosed within a body purely celestiall, where the notes of whatsoever disanulling are not to be discerned, because their period can alter no part of a true nature: For no way are her ordinary functions weakened, but onely in strengthening the vertue of the minde. So that shee is no way to be dissolved, but may well chaunge into a forme more convenable, and agreeing with the quality of her Demon.*

‘Ladies, you are such as *Sappho* describes ye to be;—

‘With-child of Honor, rich in all good grace,
Splendant in vertue, which them both surpasse,
A piercing eye, and carried with such state,
As the worlds Torch may light itselfe thereat.
Even as *Apollo* from *Auroraes* lookes
Gildes all this goodly rounde, and darkest nookes.

‘ And to give you certaine assurance that such is my opinion, I have roughly hewen out this discourse, extracted from the vertues of your sexe. . . . I might call it a Paradoxe : Notwithstanding I holde it for a truth and will defend it against all sortes of men.

‘ Receive then this gadge of mine humble duty and I shall binde all my hability to a further employment, eyther of enlarging this or anything else wherein I may do you service.

‘ Yours in all duety,

‘ ANONIMOUS.’

It is this peculiar dedication which seems more like the work of Bacon than any other part of the book except the sonnets. The Hermes Trismegistus quotation, the possible jesting allusions, and other marks felt rather than seen, all point away from Munday, and in the direction of the gallant jesting philosopher, who was so very much at home as the presiding ‘ conjurer ’ at masques and revels, whether for Gray’s Inn or the Queen and Court.

From various allusions in the philosophical and literary works of Francis Bacon, we gather that he ‘ who took all knowledge for his province ’ did not omit to survey those Oriental departments of Persian and hermetic occultism which were seldom

visited by his contemporaries. He says (Works, iv. 366):—

‘I must here stipulate that magic, which has long been used in a bad sense, be again restored to its ancient and honourable meaning. For among the Persians magic was taken for a sublime wisdom, and the knowledge of the universal consents of things.’

Bacon refers to Hermes Trismegistus several times, and appears to have held very exalted ideas concerning him. No doubt these high opinions were partly derived from the Italian Platonizers of the early Renaissance, whose great object was to dethrone Aristotle from his supremacy in philosophy and the casuistry of theology, and to set up Plato on his throne.

When Francis Bacon was thinking out his ‘Novum Organum,’ there was no more likely book from Italy to attract his attention than the ‘Nova De Universis Philosophia’ of Francisco Patrizi, a fine folio published at Venice in 1593, and dealing specially with Hermes Trismegistus and his fragments, which Patrizi (Patricius) arranged in philosophical order. And earlier in his life, before Bacon had yet been called back from his sojourn in France by his father’s death, there was published at Bordeaux (1579) another fine folio, ‘Le Pimandre

de Mercure Trismegiste,' with copious commentaries which would appeal strongly to that ardent young searcher after knowledge.

But perhaps the following rhyming letter from some 'Dark Lady,' or some scandal connected with her, 'stayed' the book, or at least helped to do so.'

'But tell me, will not you judge the woman to be moste fayre, that writte to her lover in this manner :—

'My Love I am a little blacke,
 But say that I were much more blacke,
 Mine eyes browne my face like browne,
 Admit my necke and brests more browne
 My hair and skin all black to be,
 Saving my teeth of ivory :
 Invironed with a curroll fence,
 Which breaths more sweet then frankinsence
 That might delight both Gods and men,
 Much more thyselfe, what saidst thou then ?
 Must I for this my lovely browne
 Have my Love on me to frowne ?
 Are not mine eyes as piercing still,
 And able marble hearts to kill ?
 Or can my Love be ere the lesse
 My minde being made of gentlenesse ?
 Why night is duskie, sable-blacke,
 Yet no beauteous starres do lacke :
 When the moone with silver light
 Gallops through the thick-faced night.

Venus doth love nights brownest howers,
The darkest nookes are her safe bowers,
Thickets and forests most obscure,
Yea, where no haunt hath been in ure,
Thither doeth she most repayre,
Sooner then to a garden faire :
There may be seen the lively sparke,
That's best discerned in the darke :
The ball that in a bright black eye,
Shines like a meteor in the skye.
There brown and faire are both as one,
When two sweet soules are so alone :
Tell me then (Love) in such a night
Wouldst thou not think the brownest white ?

There is much more that is interesting in this literary rarity, but my extracts must end with this one of a Dark Lady. At this distance of time we are not likely to unveil these secrets.

However, I will add a few quotations from the plays of Shakespeare which, I think, point to Mary Fitton, and corroborate the Baconian authorship of this rare book.

It should be first stated that there are one or two instances where the name Sir John Falstaff is used as a synonym for Francis Bacon, by those who were in the secret. Thus, Sir Tobie Matthew in one of his letters speaks of that 'excellent author Sir John Falstaff,' where he is evidently alluding to the plays of Shakespeare, and makes

Sir John Falstaff the author of his quotation so as to avoid mentioning the real author, who was secretly known to him to be Bacon.

Another instance is to be found in a curious letter on p. 148 of the appendix to the Third Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. It has no date except that of Chartley, July 8, but seems to have been written about 1601. It was written by Lady Southampton while staying with her cousin, Lady Rich, to the Earl of Southampton. The postscript of the letter contains this interesting addition,—

‘All the news I can send you that I think will make you merry is that I read in a letter from London that Sir John Falstaff is by his Mrs. Dame Pintpot made father of a godly Miller’s Thumb, a boy that is all head and very little body. But this is a secret.’

Now, it is pretty plain to us, who are also in the secret of the Shakespeare plays, that the Countess here alludes to Francis Bacon. She certainly would not call William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, by the nickname of Sir John Falstaff, for it would be in no ways appropriate. We consequently infer that there was a London rumour that Mary Fitton, who had about this time been ‘delivered of a *boy* who is dead,’ had

owed her misfortune to the facetious and insinuating author of the Shakespeare plays. And there was the current joke in addition that the little boy was ‘all head’ like his father, and if we look at the bust of Bacon when nine years old, still preserved at Gorhambury, and frequently reproduced in illustrated Bacon books, we shall notice that young Francis had a most enormous occiput, and might well be described as nearly all head like a ‘miller’s thumb,’ which was a kind of fish, otherwise called the bull-head, and remarkable for this same peculiarity.

Now let us take the play ‘Merry Wives of Windsor,’ and see what Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford say when discussing Sir John Falstaff. It seems Sir John had written a love-letter of the same nature to both these ladies, and when they compared the two epistles they were much upset, and says Mrs. Page,—

‘He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two.’

Surely this suits Bacon better than anyone else, for ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ was a favourite play at Court and elsewhere, and is full of love letters and love verses; two of the sonnets had been printed, and other plays had characters

which certainly referred to Court ladies, attendants on the Queen, as we shall see presently. And then there was this love letter in verse, 'My Love I am a little blacke,' which I have just quoted. That was put in print, and apparently 'stayed' for a time by the censors of the press. So it certainly looked as if Bacon did not care much what was put into the press, so long as it went by some one else's name. And I believe that to be the truth. For Rosaline and Beatrice surely stand for Court ladies, whose personality was only thinly hidden. In 'Love's Labour's Lost' (IV. iii. 225), Biron, who stands admittedly for the author of the play, is giving extravagant praises to 'the heavenly Rosaline,' and the King says,—

'What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.'

Here the 'mistress,' the 'gracious moon,' stands for Elizabeth, who was constantly alluded to as Cynthia, and was the 'terrene moon' of one of the sonnets, and the 'attending star, scarce seen a light,' would be Mary Fitton, not long come to Court.

The lively Beatrice of 'Much Ado About Nothing' is also a Court lady, and seems another

presentation of Mary Fitton, for when Don Pedro says to her, ‘You were born in a merry hour.’ Beatrice answers,—‘No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.’ Anyhow, she was the best dancer at Court.

But the way Biron concludes the third act of ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ seems to point more than any other passage to the three Maids of Honour celebrated by sonnets in ‘A Woman’s Woorth,’ which we have just considered.

Biron (*i.e.*, Bacon) says,—

‘And among three to love the worst of all :
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard :
 And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
 To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan :
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.’

All I can say is that, if Mary Fitton was present at the ‘first night’ of this (revised) play, she must have felt lines 4 and 5 to be rather strong, and if, a year or two later (1599), Bacon printed her own verses to him, or, as I would

rather suggest, composed (*more Baconico*) them himself as coming from her, the 'little blacke,' to him the lover, then assuredly we can well understand why Francis Bacon was a 'concealed poet,' and took such trouble to hide himself, or put others in his place, in the vestibules of the various works he 'put into the press.' He had a very clever head, and people have been a long time finding him out. I am proud to claim a share in the discovery, and although I shall not be surprised if some of my shots have missed the target altogether, still, if I score a bull's eye now and then I am content.

'When the Moone with silver light
Gallops through the thick-faced night,'

seems much more like Bacon than Mary Fitton. She could dance divinely, she could play the virginals, she might be quick at repartee (Beatrice), she could be a wild and fascinating tom-boy, but I doubt whether this volatile charmer could be equal to forging the fine double epithet given to Night in the above distich. 'Thick-faced Night' bears the private mark of Labeo-Bacon. Hear what Hall says in Book VI., Satire i.,—

'For Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
The true strains of heroic poesy.

* * * * *

He knows the grace of that new elegance,
Which sweet Philisides* fetch’d of late from France,
That well besem’d his high styled Arcady,
Tho’ others mar it with much liberty,
In epithets to join two words in one,
Forsooth, for adjectives can’t stand alone.’

The book claims to be a translation from the French, and Anthony Munday was a very likely man for such a work, but I believe the work to be original, from internal evidence and other reasons. In order to secure a larger sale, authors often falsely stated that their books were translated from the Italian or French.

No French original has been found, for although that experienced cataloguer and bibliophile, Mr. Hazlitt, says that ‘Woman’s Woorth’ is a translation of the Chevalier de l’Escale’s ‘Le Champion des Femmes,’ he cannot have verified his statement; for the books are entirely different, and the French defence of women was first published nearly twenty years later (1617), being a rejoinder to Olivier’s well-known work or alphabet against the fair sex, which first came out in the same year, 1617.

* Sir Philip Sidney.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SCANDAL AGAINST BACON

IN my former book I referred to the scandal and to what Old John Aubrey had said about it. I made use of it chiefly in connection with the 'Sonnets,' as a kind of collateral evidence. Since then I have found, to my great surprise, more evidence of which I had then no knowledge, although the evidence had been in print a good many years. I have since then considered the whole subject, pro and con, at much greater length, but I shall not include it in this present work, as it is not connected directly with the Baconian theory.

When my first book, 'Is it Shakespeare?' had been out about a month or so, I rather wondered that my critics and reviewers did not try to deny my inferences in this matter of Aubrey; but now I know the reason. It was because they knew of the Bacon scandal well enough, while I had not

heard of it. The fact is, I never sought for it, and therefore was not likely to find it. I took it for granted that Spedding, who devoted the best and greater part of his life to producing the most complete and exhaustive account of Bacon's life, letters, and works that has ever been written, would not conceal or withhold any matter or fact concerning Bacon which happened to be extant, and I felt quite satisfied then with his *bona fides*.

But from what I have since discovered I have not the slightest doubt that Spedding thought his *bona fides* were quite consistent with purposely concealing and withholding from the public certain reiterated statements against Bacon made by men of known literary standing. I dare say some Jesuitical casuists can defend such procedure, and I dare say some who are not Jesuits will say that Spedding was only doing that which was *expedient* in reference to so great an Englishman, and that he was quite right to withhold and conceal everything he could against the fair fame of a dead Englishman, acting on the famous principle, 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum.'

All I can say is that personally I disagree with such conclusions. Spedding deceived and misled me when I had every confidence that he was giving me 'the truth, the whole truth, and

nothing but the truth' about the great man whose life and character I wished to investigate. If he misled me, he may also have misled others, and it is not, surely, the historian's office to mislead, but rather to guide and illuminate. Spedding withheld 'Baconian matter' wilfully, that is the worst part, for he mentions D'Ewes' diary, and shows that he knew its contents, and yet wilfully omits all that D'Ewes said against Bacon. I dare say he knew Arthur Wilson's book on King James's Court equally well, but not a word do we hear of it in connection with Bacon. If historical research is to maintain its high position as a trustworthy branch of human inquiry, it will not work after this fashion.

If a great man be calumniated, at least let it be stated, and refuted if possible; let it not be concealed or hidden by a conspiracy of silence, for silence is supposed to give consent. For my own part, I do *not* give consent to Bacon's scandal; I will therefore *not* be silent.

The two great witnesses *against* Bacon which Spedding withheld from my researches are (1) Arthur Wilson, the historian and dramatist (1595-1652), who wrote among other works 'The History of Great Britain, being the Life and Reign of King James I.'; and (2) Sir Symonds

D'Ewes (1602-1650), the famous antiquarian and copier of ancient records, who left a valuable diary and autobiography behind him in manuscript, which is now in the British Museum, having been brought there some time ago with the Harleian manuscripts.

The evidence of both these witnesses is plain and strong; in fact, the language is far worse than Aubrey's, for his way of putting the case rendered it capable of a favourable construction, or at least a modification, as I myself contended when I stated it. But there can be no modification of the direct statements of Wilson and D'Ewes.

I have copied out the statements, but they need not be fully printed. This present age is, so some publishers say, a very squeamish one, and if readers are to be presented with scandal now it must be well served up with an enticing French sauce or Ibsenite relish. If it be roughly laid on the dish without any garnishing whatever—and that would be the case with what I have extracted from Wilson and D'Ewes—it would nauseate the whole company, even if they had 'the morals of the poultry yard' and the assumed briskness of the 'smart set.' This is what I am told, so the details will not appear in this book. However, it is already in print elsewhere, and has been for

many years; so thorough inquirers have their remedy, and it will not matter much, for my present object, as a true and devoted Baconian, is to admit the existence of the evidence against Bacon, not to suppress or conceal it as Spedding did. And then, in defence of him whom all true Baconians must needs hold to be the greatest genius that ever spoke the English tongue, I will proceed to show that these witnesses, respectable as they appear to be, are not in this case worthy of credit.

It will not take long to do this. Indeed, to read the lives of these two witnesses as given in the best and latest form in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' should be almost sufficient of itself.

Of Wilson we find it said there,—'As an historian Wilson is *very strongly prejudiced* against the rule of the Stuarts.' Again, his history has been described as 'truth and falsehood finely put together,' and also 'a partial presbyterian vein constantly goes through the whole work.' Again, Heylyn calls (in 1659) Wilson's book 'a most infamous pasquil' and a libel. And Wood concludes his remarks on the book by classing the author with those presbyterian and puritanical people whose genius it was 'to pry more than they should into the courts and compartments of

princes, to take occasion thereupon to traduce and bespatter them.'

So much for the first witness. No one can say he leaves the box with an unblemished reputation for perfect or consistent truthfulness.

Next let us take the second witness, D'Ewes. I have somewhat to say against his evidence elsewhere, and will now confine myself to the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' We there read that as a young man at Cambridge University he had 'sombre and ascetic habits,' was also an extreme and exclusive Puritan, and one who probably exaggerated 'the follies and irregularities of those with whom he did not think fit to associate.' This is exactly what I think D'Ewes did when he referred in his autobiography to the great Lord Chancellor in so shameful a way. Again, we read further on in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' article that D'Ewes, 'with the captiousness which is the vice of narrow minds, was not above disparaging the work of others. He sneered at Selden, and found much fault with Camden's work.'

May I not draw the inference that, if D'Ewes treats his *friends* in such an envious and disparaging manner, we may expect him to treat his opponents still worse, especially such a *bête*

noire as Bacon was to him in many ways. So I cannot accept such evidence as of sufficient weight to counterbalance the much weightier evidence of Bacon's friends and contemporaries as to his magnanimous, generous, and, generally speaking, *high* character, free from malice, envy, and spite, while his works bespeak the character of a philosopher aiming at the good of his fellows and their progress towards better things, and looking with an eye of pity on their errors and failings.

In considering the vulgar scandal which gathered round Bacon, it must not be forgotten that he was a great advocate for making experiments in order to discover the hidden secrets and forces of Nature. Among other things to which he devoted considerable attention was the prolongation of man's natural life. He held the very remarkable opinion (considering the age when it was expressed) that spirits are in all tangible bodies, whether inert matter or the living human body. He also thought that there were operations that were salutary in renewing the vigour of men's spirits when decay was advancing. There are some modern discoveries that Bacon seems to have just missed. Bacon would have greeted our *x*-rays, our *n*-rays, and our radium, with pleasure

and acceptance rather than with incredulity, or even surprise. He says in his 'History of Life and Death,'—

'Warm and cherishing applications from living bodies are not to be neglected. Ficinus says, and that not in joke, that the laying of the young maid in David's bosom would have done him good, but that it came too late.

'He ought, however, to have added that the maid, like the Persian virgins, should have been anointed with myrrh and the like, not for the pleasure of it, but to increase the cherishing virtue from the living body.

'Barbarossa in his last days, by the advice of a Jewish physician, continually applied young boys to his stomach, to warm and cherish it. Some old men likewise apply puppies, which are animals of the hottest kind, to their stomachs at night.'

Even if the malicious Puritans told the truth about Bacon, when over sixty, sleeping with young Goderich, his faithful valet and retainer, still, when we consider Bacon's views of animal heat, was Goderich any worse than Abishag, or Bacon than David?

In the manuscript autobiography of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, at folio 59, we get a most severe denun-

ciation of Francis Bacon's moral character. It is introduced on the occasion of Bacon's great fall in 1621, which is noticed by D'Ewes incidentally when he had arrived at that date and year in his autobiography. D'Ewes says,—

'It was agreed on by all men that hee owed at this present [year] at least £20,000 pounds more then hee was worth. Had hee followed the just and vertuous steps of Sir Nicholas Bacon, knight, his father, that continued Lorde Keeper of the great seale some 18 yeares under Queene Elizabeth of ever blessed memorie, his life might have been as glorious, as by his manye vices it proved infamous. For though hee weere an eminent scholler, and a reasonable good lawer: both which hee much adorned with his elegant expression of himselfe and his gracefull deliverie, yet his vices weere so stupendious and great, as they utterlie obscured and outpoized his vertues. For he was immoderatelie ambitious and excessivelie proud, to maintaine which hee was necessitated to injustice and briberie, taking sometimes most basely of both sides.

'To this later [latter] wickednes the favour hee had with the beloved Marquesse of Buckingham emboldened him, as I learned in discourse from a gentleman of his bedchamber, whoe told mee hee was sure his Lorde should never falle as long as the saied Marquesse continued in favour.

His most abominable and darling sinne I should rather burie in silence then mencion it, weere it not a most admirable instance how men are enflamed by wickednes and held captive by the devill. For wheereas presentlie upon his censure at this time his ambition was moderated, his pride humbled, and the meanes of his former injustice and corruption removed; yet would he not relinquish the practice of his most horrible and secret sinne of Sodomie.

‘ But hee never came to anye publike triall for this crime; nor did ever that I could heare forbear his old custome of making his servants his bedfellowes, soe to avoid the scandall was raised of him: though he lived many yeares after this his fall in his lodgings in Grayes Inne in Holburne, in great want and penurie.’

This manuscript is written in Sir Symonds D’Ewes’ own hand, a very clear upright script, bearing a more modern character than one would suspect, and free from all contractions or flourishes.

Lord Harley bought all D’Ewes’ manuscripts and papers, and thus the above has come to be the property of the nation.

It seems that the autobiography was written

out as it is in 1636, earlier memoranda being doubtless used.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell, who published the manuscript in 1845, leaves out much of the above. He adds that D'Ewes is the only authority for the imputation.

CHAPTER IX

NEW EVIDENCE AGAINST THE SCANDAL

IN addition to the new evidence of authorship which I have discovered since I wrote 'Is it Shakespeare?' there have also been brought to my notice, in the course of research, some very striking statements bearing on the 'Scandal of the "Sonnets"' and upon the great Francis Bacon's personal character. Am I to conceal and withhold them, and try to keep all such unpleasant contemporary evidence strictly in the dark? Surely not; this would be literary obscurantism, and nothing else. No; the days for obscurantism either in theology or history are past and gone with all people who seek for truth. If an author is expected to conceal, repress or pervert all evidence that may tend to cast a slur upon the great historical personage he may happen to be dealing with, then, in that case, all biography and personal history would become a mere farce, and to a great extent

devoid of all real interest. For how can our pleasure and attention be sustained if we are constantly suspicious that we are not told all, or are by some literary convenience hoodwinked in certain directions. I know that I belong to a small minority when I express these views, for the great majority of people, both high and low, have their minds so influenced by conventional opinion that they cannot endure that their literary idols should be stained or besmirched by the vulgar foibles of human error, weakness or folly.

What an object lesson in this matter we have had in the acrid and unsavoury discussions about Carlyle and his wife! It is not so much truth *per se* that is fought for; it is rather the conventional literary ideal which we personally, from our earliest days, have connected with this man or that—a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Carlyle. According to a man's tastes and opinions, such great names are, so to speak, enshrined in his heart as ideals, each in their own line. Any new discoveries which may seem to derogate from their established greatness are resented with strong personal feeling, and any theory would be accepted to save the reputation of their idol, rather than admit damning facts.

It is the same in all cases of hero worship, whether it be Shakespeare, or Bacon, or Sir Philip Sidney, or Carlyle. In the last case of Carlyle, it came out pretty clearly that there were defenders of his 'heroic' greatness who, having to deal with the 'fact' of the 'blue marks on the wrist' in Mrs. Carlyle's diary, would rather attribute them to the B flats, of whom Mrs. C. had such a mortal horror, than to the gripping fingers of the 'hero' husband.

It is somewhat the same with Shakspeare and his 'dethronement.' I have had many letters on this matter, so I speak from experience. All my correspondents, whether they accept my arguments or not, agree in this, that they feel the greatest repugnance in accepting such a man as Bacon in the place of their adorable and beloved Shakspeare. Ladies with charming but illogical sincerity have, almost without exception, declared (by letter) that 'nothing will induce me to give up Shakspeare for such a despicable creature as Bacon.' And thorough going Baconians, on the other hand, have written to me deprecating my bringing forward the scandal of the 'Sonnets,' and saying that they would rather give up adherence to the Bacon theory altogether than defend it by such arguments. What chance,

alas! has naked truth and bare facts with such people?

For the life of me, I cannot understand why we should refuse to hear evidence for or against any man, woman or child that ever lived, especially if it is tendered with the view of establishing their *true* character without any vindictive motives. But no, it seems that neither Shaksperians nor Baconians will hear evidence which they dislike. For instance, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, one of the joint authors of 'The Age of Shakespeare' (1903), a severely orthodox work says of the Baconians,— 'We utterly decline to do them the compliment of recognising that they have a *primâ-facie* case by abandoning ourselves to argue with them' (*Bookman*, August, 1903). On the other hand, Baconians and their great organ, *Baconiana*, will have nothing to do with any scandal against Bacon;—he is their ideal or idol, I suppose.

I confess that my mental constitution is different, and I am glad it is so, for it occasionally saves me a severe pang in these days, when there are so many iconoclasts in the daily press and elsewhere. For instance, I am an admirer, though not an idolizer, of Disraeli's diplomatic exertions for the good of old England, and I have read in *Blackwood's Magazine* (October, 1903) a piece of

good contemporary evidence to the effect that 'Dizzy was the biggest liar in the world when he was at school.' The evidence came from a school-fellow who ought to know, and I accepted it without a pang; why should I not? I dare say it is true that Dizzy showed at an early age his inborn 'Oriental proclivity for romancing,'—that was all. A little charitable explanation of this kind goes a long way in smoothing matters. And the same holds good with the Bacon scandal.

Moreover, it seems nearly always forgotten that a man's *genius* is to be judged apart from his private errors, whether they be social, political or moral mistakes. The products of true genius stand displayed on an immortal pedestal, while the 'body of humiliation,' from whence they took their being, has been long reduced to dust or ashes. Burns, Byron, Shelley, and many another erring child of man, will each have his unshaken pedestal in the eternal Temple of Fame, in spite of drink, or sportive blood, or free love, or any other peculiarities of the individual man. So, too, will Francis Bacon, *a fortiori*, have an eternal pedestal of his own, because the case against him is 'not proved,' as it was against Burns and Byron, or, to name a much smaller luminary, poor 'bright broken Maginn,' who had no sin but

'drink and the girls.' Still less if the 'infection' be a purely natural one, an 'error of the blood,' or a physical defect—still less, I say, should such faults obscure the supreme genius which shone forth *in spite* of these things. Are we to look askance at George Borrow, that gifted writer, and condemn his style because he was probably a natural eunuch? Surely not, nor yet Filelfi because he was *triorches* and had two dozen legitimate children, and nobody knows how many natural ones besides; nor yet Byron, although he had a club foot as well as a mistress or two.

Why, even the idol and ideal of the orthodox, 'the divine William,' is by no means immaculate, and for these people to say that they would rather give up the Baconian theory altogether than accept *such* a Bacon seems most inconsistent. For the charges against Bacon are unproved and seem *primâ facie* a vile calumny of Puritans, as I shall show, whereas there is a charge against Shakespeare of Stratford which is proved up to the hilt, and is a 'most shocking' one, too, in the eyes of all Shakesperians who Bowdlerize their immortal poet and spin his idealized 'Life' out of their own imagination. And the charge is even a multiple one! First, he fell in love with a woman seven years his senior; and then he pro-

ceeded to 'crop his own sweet rose before the hour.' Then he left his wife and twins at Stratford and came up to town with 'Venus and Adonis' in his pocket, and began soon afterwards to write amorous sonnets to a nobleman, keeping up at the same time an intrigue with a 'dark lady,' while his poor wife did not see him from one year's end to another, and never got from him a sonnet 'sugred' or 'unsugred' all her life long. And though he did come back to Stratford after he had made a fair amount of money out of the play-houses, yet we never hear anything of an affectionate nature about his wife till he unbends in his last will and testament, and leaves her the second best bedstead and *bars her dower!* This last item concerning the Swan of Avon has only just been found out by some legal luminaries of Bacon's own Inn of Court, so I have heard, and they say there is no doubt about this interpretation of the will. Do ladies who protest that they will never give up their adorable Shakspeare for such a cur as Bacon really know these facts?

The truth is, of course, that both men had their own faults, as we all have, and both had their own friends who seemed to esteem them highly. But I cannot help thinking that, if Bacon does

take Shakspeare's place—the highest, perhaps, in all literature,—the nobler genius will be in possession.

Before I proceed to give my new evidence for and against the scandal of the 'Sonnets' and Bacon's life, I would state the following historical consideration by way of caution and prelude to the whole distasteful subject.

Male passion for another male, accompanied with affectionate verses and letters, was no very uncommon or strange incident in the early days of Francis Bacon and his predecessors. We meet instances both on the Continent and in England during this period. One of the most striking connected with our own country was the intense male friendship or love which existed between Sir Philip Sidney and Languet; and as young Francis Bacon looked upon Sidney with great respect and admiration, such a well known episode in Sidney's life may have had some influence in turning Bacon's thoughts in this same direction. These intense friendships or loves between men were due to a great extent to the rehabilitation of Platonic theories in the early Renaissance period, and we may take them as almost copies or parallels in regard to such love as Socrates had for the young and beautiful Alcibiades.

It was frequently the case that a senior of philosophic mind would place affections upon a beautiful and noble youth, and have them returned by the lofty passion of male friendship. This was the case with Languet and Sidney, and it was also the case, as far as we can judge, with Francis Bacon and the young aristocrats Southampton and Herbert. But how would the vulgar view such connections? Why, plainly, they would judge, or rather prejudge, them from the lowest point of view, especially as the high Platonic platform had never been reached by the many-headed mob. How would the Puritans and fanatics look upon such close friendships? They, too, would regard this Platonic love with the greatest suspicion. It was doubtless, in their opinion, mostly a vain and fictitious screen to hide the 'depths of Satan.' They were pessimists to a man, and held that by nature every man was full of evil both in thought and deed.

If we fairly weigh these matters, we shall better understand how easily Francis Bacon could be the undeserving victim of vulgar lying reports, —*mendacia famæ*. We are now in a position to hear the evidence with less apprehension.

It is not an enticing task to have to re-open the question of this scandal of the 'Sonnets,' which was

originally forced upon me in my previous work by the exigencies of my argument. But the fact is, more evidence has come in since I finished my chapters on the scandal—evidence both pro and con. There is a considerable amount of new fact and inference *favourable* to Bacon's character, which has come chiefly from German sources, and to which I have added somewhat from my own scrip. And there are also two important and particular pieces of evidence *unfavourable* to Bacon's reputation, of which, strange to say, I had never heard or read, although one has been in print more than a century, and the other nearly 250 years. It is remarkable how historical evidence of this particular kind is kept out of the most thorough-going histories and biographies, where one at least expects an allusion to such things, even if carefully veiled. I will only say at present that it is *primâ facie* a strong corroboration of what old Aubrey hinted at far less plainly in his Greek word, but I think the value of it as evidence can be very much reduced, for reasons that shall be given. Meanwhile let us begin with the new *favourable* evidence, which tends, I think, strongly to show that the great Francis Bacon was by no means so worthy of condemnation as Aubrey wanted to make out,

and still less guilty of what the new evidence points at.

Some of the more recent German commentators on the 'Sonnets' have held them to be of a pure and Platonic character, and particularly free from taint of sensual love or gross admiration of mere physical beauties. Eberhard Freiherr von Danczelman expresses this view very well. He says :

' Was also Shakespeare in dem Jüngling, den er in den Sonetten besingt, liebt, ist nicht die körperliche, sondern die seelische Schönheit, und eine derartige Liebe ist erhaben über alle Verleumdungen' (*i.e.*, the 'Sonnets' refer to spiritual beauty, etc.).

I must say that this view has often commended itself to me, in spite of the strong scandal which contemporaries seem to have believed. Some of the finest love similes of the 'Sonnets' are singularly free from gross admiration of physical beauty. The beauties of the naked body are hardly ever dwelt upon, and the chief strictly physical charm which seems to hold the author of the 'Sonnets' spell bound is the beauty of the eyes, and that chiefly in looking eye to eye with the beloved one, so that both, as it were, could see themselves 'in each other's eyes.'

And yet more recently (1902) another German,

this time a learned Doctor of Philosophy, has taken the two poems 'Venus and Adonis' and 'The Rape of Lucrece,' and written a long comment on them, almost stanza by stanza, where he endeavours to establish the apparent paradox that both these poems are composed philosophically in the interests of true and absolute morality.*

This remarkable exposition and interpretation of the two famous poems dedicated to Southampton by William Shakespeare is by no means so absurd and irrational as at first sight most people would be inclined to pronounce it. Dr. Eichhoff holds that, so far from being works of a lascivious character or of immoral and obscene tendency, they are, on the contrary, written, one to exalt and commend youthful chastity, and the other married fidelity, and that in both there is a laudable endeavour to show the nature of true love as distinguished from animal lust and the baser passions of flesh and blood.

Adonis represents the control of sensuality, Venus the uncontrolled license of lust. Both

* 'Shakespeare's Forderung einer absoluten Moral. Eine Erläuterung seine Gedichte "Venus und Adonis" und "Die Schändung der Lukretia."' Von Th. Eichhoff, Dr. Phil. Halle, 1902. 8vo.

have their natural passions, but one controls them, and the other does not.

The lesson of Venus and Adonis is not asceticism, but rather a true and faithful control of ourselves in love and passion. We have the ability and right to use our innate and physical functions of sense and pleasure, but only in due submission to the spiritual behests of our complex nature. Unless we do thus submit ourselves, true love is not to be found—is not, in fact, possible. If the grosser Venus or the venal Venus should tempt, the lesson of the poet is, Be chaste, as was Adonis; yield not to wanton wiles.

This view is expanded by Dr. Eichhoff in many pages of typically German exposition, and is, as it seems to me, fairly and reasonably upheld. Assuredly, true love was never more finely differentiated from the baser passion than in this stanza of the poem,—

‘Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
 But Lust’s effect is tempest after sun :
 Love’s gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust’s winter comes ere summer half be done.
 Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies ;
 Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.’

Venus and Adonis, 799.

But these beautiful edifying words and all this

assumed fine moral teaching are addressed by an ordinary play actor and manager to a young aristocrat of the noblest birth. That is the orthodox Shakespearian tenet, and that is also what Dr. Eichhoff holds firmly; but he does not notice or attempt to explain the incongruity of supposing that Will Shakspere, late of Stratford, should take upon himself to instruct the aristocrat Southampton on points of morals; for it virtually comes to that, if we accept, with the learned Doctor, the moral tone, tendency, and teaching of both these immortal poems.

If it were a fact that young Southampton showed pretty evident signs of turning out a roué, or if, like a fed horse in the morning, he neighed after his neighbour's wife, was Shakspere the proper or a likely man to hold such a mirror up to him, or draw up poetical lectures on love and lust, and then send them to Southampton with sundry accompanying sonnets, calling him a lovely boy, etc.? Would not this be esteemed rather presumptuous and too familiar altogether? Why should Shakespeare take charge of the lovely young aristocrat's morals? Even if he had the character of a 'factotum,' and acted up to it, certainly the care of Southampton's chastity was not part of his 'totum.'

So this reasonable view of the moral and edifying tendencies of these two great poems brings orthodox Shakespearians into a position of some difficulty.

But on the Bacon hypothesis the difficulty vanishes entirely, and the particular fact that Dr. Eichhoff and others make so much of becomes a help rather than a hindrance. For Bacon loved Southampton even as David loved Jonathan, with a love passing the love of women; and the more one reads some of the sonnets, such as Sonnet XVIII., the more does one feel that Francis Bacon, if an Urning at all, was certainly an Urning of the very highest stamp, and the most gifted man that was ever enrolled by irresistible Dame Nature into that maligned band who are the scorn and abomination of the normal man (the Dioning).

Personally I believe firmly that the love of Bacon for Southampton was homosexual love of the purest and most spiritualized kind. He loved as ardently as did ever any of that united band of heroes who fell at Chæronea, but he loved in a different and a higher way.

We hear not a breath in the 'Sonnets' of the contour of the loved one's limbs, or of the human form divine, or of its statuesque beauty—all these

Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appeared to haplesse Semele ;
 More lovely than the monarke of the skie
 In wanton Arethusaes azurde armes.'

Who indeed wrote this ! It has been held by many generations of wondering scholars that the loose living atheist Kit Marlowe was responsible for the pouring forth of these lofty and ethereal lines.

I would rather take it that they may have come from the same wondrous alchemist who poured from his crucible that eighteenth sonnet partly given above. In both there is the same marvel-

Bacon called Southampton 'my Rose.' And as the beauty of Helen was brought into connection with the 'thousand starres' and more of the firmament on high, so was the beauty of Plato's Star,—

*'Αστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς Ἀστήρ ἐμός· εἶθε γενοίμην
 Οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς ὀμμασιν εἰς σέ βλέπω.*

(Thou gazest on the stars, my Star ; would I might be
 Heaven's expanse full of starlight eyes, to gaze on thee.)

This is an equivalent thought to

'Love's eyes in looking never have their fill,'

which appears both in 'England's Parnassus' and in 'Belvedere,' in both cases without any author's name. I cannot trace the line, although Marston quotes it in a slightly different form in 'Pygmalion,' 40. It sounds Baconian.

lous evaporation of all that is fleshly and sensual—an evaporation in the one case into the mighty profundities of the interstellar spaces, and in the other into the lovely intangible beauty of budding Nature's glorious spring.*

Look, too, at the description of Helen's kiss.

‘Sweete Helen, make me immortall with a kisse,’

says Faustus, and kisses her, and then he says:—

‘Her lips sucke forth my soule, see where it flies:
Come, Helen, come give mee my soule againe,
Here wil I dwel, for heaven be in these lips,
And all is drosse that is not Helena.’†

* I can remember only one passage of the same kind that pleases me equally well, and that is from George Peele's ‘David and Bethsabe,’ printed in 1599, but date of composition uncertain. It is in David's description of Bethsabe,—

‘Sweeter than flames of fine perfumèd myrrh,
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On Zephyr's wings before the King of Heaven.’

The last two lines are surely an exquisite word-painting of the etherealized grace and lightness of an elegant and beautiful woman, and are usually independent of the worship of fleshly charms. The epithet for myrrh is ‘fire perfumed’ in ‘England's Parnassus,’ published the year after; which seems rather like a Baconian improvement.

† ‘Dr. Faustus’ (1604).

I come, then, to this conclusion, favouring the recent theories of several Germans, and adding somewhat of my own, that the immortal poems of Francis Bacon need not necessarily be taken to represent base lascivious sentiment, but that they rather re-echo and reproduce the highest Grecian ideal of true male love, and are also mingled (though this is more especially in the plays) with the true love of the eternal feminine. That is to say, Bacon was personally such a man, with regard to Southampton at least, as we hear of in the refined dialogues of Plato's 'Symposium,' but withal he had the rare additional gift of being able to understand, analyze, and inimitably represent the true love of women, whether in the virgin or the married state, whether as Juliet and Miranda, or as 'Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste,' in such a way as no poet has reached before or since.

Francis Bacon, it seems to me, might well have taken his place on a lounge near to Pausanias when this Grecian authority on love was discoursing before the assembled guests. He would have well understood the subject under discussion, and would have assented again and again to the expressions used and to the theories advocated. And if he had heard Critobulus, in the 'Symposium'

of Xenophon, giving his full account of his feelings for his beautiful and beloved Cleinias, it would surely have recalled his own feelings for his 'lovely boy' as depicted in the 'Sonnets.'

This was what Critobulus told the guests :—

'I would choose to be blind to everybody else if I could only see Cleinias, and I hate the night because it robs me of his sight. I would rather be the slave of Cleinias than live without him ; I would rather toil and suffer danger for his sake than live alone at ease and in safety. . . . In my soul I carry an image of him better made than any sculptor could fashion' (cap. iv. 10 *et seq.*, abridged).

Bacon put it thus :

'For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.'

Sonnets, CIX. 13, 14.

And here is part of what Pausanias said :

'Evil is the vulgar lover who loves the body rather than the soul, and who is inconstant because he is a lover of the inconstant, and therefore when the bloom of youth, which he was desiring, is over, takes wings and flies away, in spite of all his words and promises : whereas the love of the noble mind, which is one with the unchanging, is lifelong.'

And here is what Francis Bacon said on this subject of true and noble love :

‘ Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.

* * * * *

Love’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle’s compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.’

Sonnets, CXVI.

And what Pausanias says about Uranian love a little earlier in his address is very applicable to Bacon and Southampton :—

‘ The offspring of the heavenly Aphrodite is derived from a mother in whose birth the female has no part. She is from the male only ; this is the love which is of youths, and the goddess being older, has nothing of wantonness. They who are inspired by this love turn to the male, and delight in him who is the most valiant and intelligent nature ; any one may recognise the pure enthusiasts in the very character of their attachments ; for they love not boys but intelligent beings whose reason is beginning to be developed, much about the time at which their beards begin to grow.

And in choosing them as their companions, they mean to be faithful to them, and pass their whole life in company with them, not to take them in their inexperience and deceive them, and play the fool with them, or run away from one to another of them.’*

And possibly we may be fully justified in taking even a more favourable view than this. Perhaps we have no need to go so far back as ancient Hellas, after all.

What if neo-pagan Italy, with its Renaissance culture and its renewed study of the treasures of Greek thought and philosophy, was the true and proximate origin of these curious sonnets of man to man? I think there is much in favour of this supposition. It runs somewhat parallel to the one we have just considered, for Plato has his share in each; but we should here deal with a purely literary solution, which would take us quite away from the *gymnasia* of Greece. Let us state it.

The transcendent lyrical way in which the author of Shake-speare’s ‘Sonnets’ expresses his

* My attention was drawn to these extracts by reading that excellent book, ‘A Problem in Greek Ethics,’ by John Addington Symonds, to whom I acknowledge my great indebtedness here and elsewhere in this chapter.

male love for a young nobleman or aristocrat points to the harmless intellectual treatment of the subject which was then current, and had for some time been so, among the best Platonizing spirits of the Renaissance.

Especially was this love of man for man—this absolute unity of soul between two male friends—esteemed and dwelt upon by the new humanists of Italy, where first the scholarly exodus from fallen Constantinople had provided teachers to explain the priceless treasures of the Greek language. There were many in those early Renaissance days who held that this supreme Platonic love of man for man was higher and better than the love of man for woman. They were chiefly men of culture, who, either on the Continent or in England, were well acquainted with the poets of Italy and France, and had imbibed the new spirit of the age.

It is part of my argument that the author of the Shake-speare 'Sonnets' was such a man as this. I have alluded to this often before, but I hope not more often than its importance demands, and it has been a great pleasure to me to notice that Mr. Courthope, in the fourth volume of his 'English Literature,' recently published, holds this view also.

What he says is that, when we read that sonnet beginning,

‘Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments,’

and such others of the series as must be taken as written to a male from a male, we are to remember that the writer was

‘speaking the language both of Plato and of many of the greatest of the humanists in all countries of Europe. Moved by a kindred impulse, Montaigne poured forth his feelings of enthusiastic friendship for Estienne de la Boetie, and Languet his affection for Philip Sidney. Sir Thomas Browne, a late disciple of the same school, says: “I never yet cast a true affection on a woman, but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God. . . . There are three most mystical unions, two natures in one person, three persons in one nature, one soul in two bodies. For though indeed they be really divided, yet they are so united as they seem but one, and make rather a duality than two distinct souls”’ (Courthope, iv., 38).

Such a lover was the author of the ‘Sonnets,’ written to the ‘man right fair,’ and I hardly think any student of this peculiar phase of Renaissance literature will be found able to

deny the assertion by any valid proofs. I agree with Mr. Courthope thoroughly as to the characteristics of the writer, but I hold him to be Francis Bacon, not the man from Stratford—whom Mr. Courthope accepts without any hesitation. What had the Warwickshire youth to do with Platonic or Renaissance cultured subtleties of the master passion? Anne Hathaway and her twins would effectually devitalize any germs of that fashionable phantasy early in life.

This, then, is a strong argument against the scandal of the 'Sonnets,' and in favour of their ethical purity—at least, where a man is addressed—and I am pleased to hold it in such good company as the Oxford Professor, and to agree thoroughly also with his following remarks a few pages further on,—

'So strongly antipathetic to the temper of modern times are many of the topics treated in them [*i.e.*, the 'Sonnets'] that it is possible that Hallam may be giving utterance to a widespread sentiment in wishing that they had never been written. Those who express such a desire perhaps hardly realize that, had it been fulfilled, we should not only have lost some of the most exquisite of the world's poetry, but also the clue to the profoundest motives of Shakespeare's dramatic invention.'

May I add we should also have lost that marvellous alchemy of words whereby Francis Bacon gave a personal exposition of that part of the power of love which he in his 'Essays' thought was its perfection,—'Nuptial Love maketh mankind ; *Friendly Love perfecteth it* ; but Wanton Love corrupteth and imbaseth it' (Thus he concludes his essay on Love ?).

In dealing with these wonderful poems 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece,' we must beware of the extremes of criticism. There is a school of Shakespeare critics who esteem these poems to be *passionately hot* ; there is another school which esteems them to be *glitteringly cold*. I cannot accept either estimation, but incline to the second view rather than to the first. I take them to be influenced by Italian thought along lines of Platonic idealism, and that the author's mental vision dwelt much on famous pictures and tapestries that he had seen, and that these in many instances formed the groundwork of his episodes. As for the warmth displayed therein, it seems to belong to the author's words rather than to his passions.

As far as the 'Sonnets' are concerned, I do not think I can do better than quote the following remarks, written in 1579. Though the 'Sonnets'

were not written till some years after this date, one could almost imagine that the passage which I am about to quote was written by Bacon in his own defence, and I am not prepared to swear that it was not.

It is a criticism on a certain passage of English poetry (*circa* 1579), where one shepherd lad rejects with scorn the presents offered to him by another of his companions, and I would ask my readers to bear the Shake-speare 'Sonnets' in mind while reading the passage, although it was written more than ten years earlier.

'In thys place seemeth to be some savour of disorderly love, which the learned call pæderastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrius of Socrates opinions, may easily perceive that such love is muche to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant as Socrates used it: who sayth, that indeede he loved Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, which is Alcybiades owne selfe.

'And so is pæderasticie much to be preferred to gynerastice, that is the love whiche enflameth men with lust toward womankind. But yet let no man think that herein I stand with Lucian or his develish disciple Unico Aretmo, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and un-

lawful fleshliness. Whose abominable error is fully confuted by Perionius and others.'

Who can this be who talks about such subjects in such a way, in 1579? Well, he is rather a mystery; he calls himself, or rather signs himself, 'E. K.,' and professes to be a great friend of the illustrious poet Edmund Spenser. He also professes to explain the hard passages and words of Spenser's verse, and what has been just quoted is a specimen of his exegesis. He has until recent times been written down as Ed. Kirke, a fellow-student with Spenser at college, but I shall deal with him elsewhere; this is not the place for it.

According to Nash (iii. 135), Harvey had been taken for the 'usher of a dancing schoole.' He also followed the fashion of male love (Platonic), and expressed himself more warmly than the Shake-speare 'Sonnets,' and much more grossly. Nash tells us this in the following words:

'I have perused veares of his, written under his owne hand to Sir Philip Sidney, wherein he courted him as he were another Cyparissus or Ganimedede; the last Gordian true loves knot, or knitting up of them is this,—

' Sum jecur ex quo te primùm Sydnee vidi ;
Os oculosque regit, cogit amare jecur.'

(All liver am I, Sidney, since I saw thee ;

My mouth eyes rules it, and to love doth draw mee.)

But Nash, anxious as he was to say all that was bad about Harvey, does not here or elsewhere suggest any odious charge. Harvey followed the Italian *fashion* of male love writing, but not the *practice*. Why not Bacon, too?

'Venus and Adonis,' 'Lucrece,' and 'Hero and Leander,' are all nudities in literary art; but although this be generally conceded, it does not follow that they are prurient or objectionable nudities. Both sexes, it is to be hoped, can now-a-days walk unashamed among the marble statues of ancient art to be seen by the general public at the British Museum and elsewhere in our municipal galleries. The nudities that meet their eyes are works of art, and are solely so considered except by the prurient-minded and the scum of the populace. So with the wonderfully artistic poems dedicated to Southampton. They bear the impress of the artist and the gentleman, and, in the sense that the word 'decorum' was taken in that literary age, I should call them both essentially 'decorous.' So also with 'Hero and Leander,' which poem reminds us rather of the nudity of one of the masterpieces of Pheidias amid the surroundings of a pagan temple, while 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece' suggest pictures or tapestry rather than the stone ideals of Greece—

nay, some parts of 'Venus and Adonis' seem almost to be such nudities as are passed hurriedly by the British matron at the Paris Salon of present days. No ethical disquisitions of deep German metaphysicians can cover up the nudities, and no condemnation of Christian Puritanism or of a vulgar Mrs. Grundy can prove them to be indecent, or even indecorous, *in the Elizabethan sense*. They deal with the hidden mysteries of our complex nature in a way so utterly alien from abnormal sensuality that they seem to me to give the direct lie to the scandals current against their author, Bacon.

To sum up, then, the favourable evidence which a closer examination of the 'Sonnets,' 'Venus and Adonis,' and 'Lucrece,' is able to render: it would seem to amount to this, that the love relations between Bacon and Southampton, as far as traces of them can be rightly discerned in the poems enumerated above, were of a highly honourable, spiritual, and Platonic character, recalling the very best traditions of Greek male love, and in no way worthy of the condemnation which is often so unguardedly and ignorantly bestowed on the virile affection of one man for another. It must be allowed that Bacon in the domain of the master passion of our race did

not occupy exactly the average or normal position among his fellows. He was, as I have hinted before, possibly subject in a very modified way to sexual inversion or homosexual love. This was his misfortune rather than his fault, as all admit who are acquainted with the works of Numa Numantius, Ulrichs, Krafft-Ebing, Tarnowsky, Mantegazza, and, above all, that capital inquiry and résumé of John Addington Symonds.

It is time that the odium usually attached to inquiries of this nature should be abolished. There seems no reason why this subject should not be discussed scientifically as well as other sexual subjects of a so-called abnormal character, and I think the name and reputation of J. A. Symonds will do much to help in this thorny matter.

Bacon had much to endure from the *mendacia famæ* wherewith he was attacked so often at different times of his life, but towards the end of his career he seems to have risen to the spirit of a quiet and dignified nonchalance in regard to such attacks. Thus he makes Wolsey say, when accused of malversation :—

‘ If I am

Traduced by ignorant tongues—which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say
’Tis but the fate of place ; and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.’

Does not Bacon here transfer his own special experience and reflections to the person of Wolsey in the play—to Wolsey, who in his magnificence and in his fall was in so many respects the counterpart of Bacon? I think he does, and that we may infer that in his later days Bacon rose superior to the assaults of envy and infamy, or at least put them aside as coming from those who were ignorant of his faculties and person, and were always ready to shoot out the tongue of malice against those who were more fortunate or more highly placed than themselves. If my inference is correct, he takes the fact of his being ‘traded by ignorant tongues’ as the ‘fate of place,’ and implicitly denies the current allegations. He did so early as well as late. The reports, as he told more than one friend in his extant letters, were *mendacia famæ*—i.e., they came from the lying lips of the gossiping vulgar, and we should bear this denial, and also his dignified way of meeting such accusations, well in our mind when we have to consider the evidence *against* Bacon.

CHAPTER X.

'A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.'

THIS rather neglected poem bears every mark of Bacon's handiwork, and in addition he 'shows' part of 'his head,' FRA, in the usual place in the first two lines, Shakespearians generally admit it as genuine, but hardly know how to date it.

Gregor Sarrazin has lately contributed an admirable criticism on this poem, and has brought out several points hitherto unnoticed, all very favourable to the Baconian authorship, but not so intended by the ingenious German. He says in 'Beiträge zur romantischund u. englisch Philologie,' Breslau, 1902, p. 177, that this poem belongs to the style of 'Lucrece,' but was written later (1598-1601), and, like it, seems to have been put forth almost in emulation of the 'Complaint of Rosamund,' by the contemporary poet, or rival, Daniel.

'A Lover's Complaint' has several striking

instances of parallels in thought and word, chiefly drawn from plays of the middle period, 1598-1602, and on these Sarrazin makes these very sensible remarks,—

‘ Nun sind Auto-Reminiszenzen bei Shakespeare bekanntlich nichts Seltenes, aber gewöhnlich nur, wenn die betreffender Dichtungen zeitlich nicht weit auseinanderliegen, was ja auch psychologisch leicht begreiflich ist.’

In other words, if an author repeats himself, especially in some striking phrase or thought, in two different works of imagination, then it is much more likely that these works were written nearly at the same time, than that there was a considerable length of time between their composition. Moreover, auto-remembrance is more probable than plagiarism where a genius is the author.

The author of ‘ A Lover’s Complaint ’ represents himself thus in Stanza ix.,—

‘ A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of Court, of City, and had let go by
The swiftest hours observèd as they flew.’

In this description Sarrazin sees William Shakspeare of Stratford settled down in his native place, and the owner of a good house and

land there, glad to leave the ruffle of Court and City and to betake himself again to country quiet (in ‘*ländliche Einsamkeit zurückgezogen*’). I think Francis Bacon suits the stanza infinitely better, but I leave it to my readers.

The whole piece connects the lovers with the society of the Court, and the ‘Nun or Sister sanctified’ of Stanza xxxiv. was no doubt a Maid of Honour much sought after by the young nobility, the ‘spirits of richest coat.’ But the girl herself who so long resisted (contrary to the practice of her ‘equals,’ Stanza xxii.) seems a country maiden of lower degree, such as Willoughby’s ‘Avisa’ was, and, for all I know, this poem may be a supplementary one to that strange production of 1594. In both poems the male lover could suitably be Southampton, but the betrayed maiden could hardly be Elizabeth Vernon, as Sarrazin supposes.

But in any case it can be clearly shown that the ‘gay deceiver’ in ‘A Lover’s Complaint’ is none other than Southampton. Take Stanza xv.,—

‘ His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongued he was and thereof free ;
 Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
 As oft ’twixt May and April is to see.’

Southampton's impetuous temper is frequently noticed by contemporaries.

Again, take next Stanza (xvi.),—

‘ Well could he ride, and often men would say,
“ That horse his mettle from his rider takes.” ’

The young Earl was specially distinguished for his bold horsemanship.

Again, Stanza xx.,—

‘ Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind.’

Now, no young nobleman of the period was so frequently the object of the limner's art as was Southampton, and there is also a side glance at this in one of the sonnets. The more this poem is examined, the more does it show itself to be written as a eulogy of the same young man who is the central figure of the earlier sonnets. In fact, Southampton is so evidently praised and glorified throughout the poem that we cannot escape making the inference that this ‘ Lover's Complaint ’ was written *with a view* to please Southampton, and *for* him, and was probably sent to him, as were the early sonnets. Finally, whoever the lady might be, whether a girl of the country or *Elizabeth Vernon* of the Court, there is such a marked aristocratic atmosphere throughout that Shakspeare of Stratford seems clearly out of the reckoning.

CHAPTER XI

CIRCUMSTANCES OF PUBLICATION

ONE of the many mysteries connected with the Shakespeare authorship is that Henslowe in his diary never once mentions William Shakespeare, although his earlier plays were all put before the public at the Rose Theatre, which was building as Henslowe's speculation in 1592.

Now, the Bacon theory is the only one that can give a probable explanation of this. The tradition runs that Southampton gave Shakspeare £1,000 to go through with a purchase that he had a mind to. This report as it stands is very unlikely. My suggestion is that Southampton was induced by Bacon to find funds to help Henslowe to build the Rose Theatre, and thus find a stage where the 'immortal plays' could be presented properly, and where they would be somewhat controlled by the 'grand possessors' whom we hear mentioned in connection with the plays afterwards. Bacon, as

we know, required secrecy, and did not wish to be identified with his dramatic work ; therefore Henslowe, bound by pecuniary ties, would omit mention of any names or circumstances which might reveal Bacon. Hence Shakespeare is never once alluded to in the business diary.*

Although the author of 'Venus and Adonis' calls this poem 'the first heire of my invention,' we can hardly suppose it to be the first poem, or even one of the earliest of his compositions. He calls it his 'first heire,' certainly ; but had he not disinherited the others, or at least kept them from public criticism ? 'Venus and Adonis' is too perfect to be any man's first born in poetry. Indeed, the author would seem to be a poet of much experience and considerable practice in the many literary devices and poetical figures which George Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie' had put within reach of students of poetry. I would go farther and say that these two early poems of Shakespeare seem to be the work of one who knew

* After making this suggestion I found out from Alleyn's memoirs that a man named Richard Cholmley helped Henslowe in building the Rose by advances of money. What if this Cholmley was merely the instrument of Southampton put forward to keep the young aristocrat's name from public comment ?

as much about poetical figures as Puttenham himself, *and perhaps was Puttenham*. But that, again, is another story already told.

In 'Lucrece' the debt to Daniel's 'Complaint of Rosamund' seems very great. Some verses of Daniel's are like Shakespeare's in all the details. Hence comes the inference Bacon plagiarizes, or at least imitates.

In 'Lucrece,' and also in 'Venus and Adonis,' there are several striking resemblances to similar passages in Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander.' They are too long to give here, but can be found in the literary essays of Isaac and Krauss in the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, Band 19, and in Wilhelm Ewig's 'Essay on Lucrece' in *Anglia*, vol. xxii., p. 451.

The German supposition is that Marlowe's manuscript of 'Hero and Leander' got into Shakspeare's hands, or was seen by him soon after Marlowe's death, and that Marlowe had the privilege of seeing Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' which came out a few months before he was slain. Conjectures of this kind are sometimes illuminating, but do not often give the solid basis we want so much.

I do not suppose many readers know how usual it was for people to write shorthand in Queen

Elizabeth's time. Even ladies became able stenographers, so that they might take down the sermon on Sundays.

It was Timothy Bright who was the father of shorthand in England, and printed his 'Characterie' in the year of the Armada. He had written 'A Treatise of Melancholie, contayning the causes thereof, and the reasons of the strange effects it worketh in our minds and bodies,' etc. This was in 1586, two years earlier. Both these books had influence on the Shakespeare plays, but in very different fashion. Bright's 'Melancholie' is shown by Professor Loening to have been known and read by Shakespeare; for the symptoms in 'Hamlet' and other parts of Shakespeare correspond with Bright's observations too closely to be merely coincidences. Bright's 'Characterie' had a curious but very different influence. It caused many of the mistakes in the early quartos and elsewhere in the printed copies; for Bright's system had one and the same sign for many similar meanings. Consequently, when the plays were taken down in shorthand and brought to the pirate printers to be read off by the compositors, naturally many mistakes arose. This specially is noticeable in the early quartos of 'Hamlet'—*e.g.*, we get *wonder* in the oldest quarto,

and then afterwards another has *marvell* in the same place. Bright's sign for both words is the same. In another case *haste* is changed to *pace*; both have the same symbol in Bright. And there are many other examples.

Herr Dewischeit endeavours to connect Timothy Bright with William Shakspere, through Field's printing shop and its former possessor, Vautrollier; for here was the printing done for Bright's 'Melancholie' and Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece,' and Field was a native of Stratford-on-Avon, and married Jacquinetta Vautrollier.*

Herr Dewischeit may be right in his suppositions. But I think it is likely that Bright influenced Bacon more than Shakspere. Indeed, I fancy Bacon would go to the shop to see after 'Venus and Adonis,' 'Lucrece,' and the gay French dame Jacquinetta (Jaklin), more often than Bright would.

I am surprised at the frequency of the question, Why should Bacon 'conceal' his poetical talents? It has been so often answered, and the answers are so various, that one would think that some of them must be known to all who take even a moderate interest in the question. However, I will give

* *Jahrb. d. deutsch. Shak-Gesellschaft*, p. 170, etc.

one of the answers again, because I can add something new to it.

Bacon kept his name from the title pages of his poems and plays because, for one thing, he had learnt a lesson from what befell his father, Sir Nicholas. The greatest and almost the only mistake that very able man made was to give his adversaries an advantage over him, by assisting Hales in his treatise on the title of the Scottish Queen. If he had only 'concealed' his share in the book, and made Hales his instrument or mask, he would have saved himself, I may say, years of worry and vexation.

Sir Nicholas Bacon's known connection with that book was the means of excluding him from the Privy Council, after he had been several years in the possession of the Great Seal, and owing to the animosity of the Earl of Leicester he did not for some time re-establish himself in the Queen's favour. Here was indeed a lesson to young Francis, and he took it in numerous instances during his life. He considered it best policy to keep his name out of the adversaries' grasp if possible; for he knew well the power of envy, and had some wise sayings about the evil eyes that follow the rising or conspicuous man.

An English company of players visited Hel-

singör in 1586, and again in the autumn of 1587, so there was excellent opportunity for the playwright Kyd to compose the 'Ur-Hamlet,' and also to put in the strikingly accurate account of the pictures in the palace of the King of Denmark, and other touches of accurate historic truth, which would seem to betoken the work of some author who had really visited the places personally. But any one in London at all connected with the play houses or companies of actors in 1586-1588 would have had about as good opportunities as Kyd had, and consequently there is no objection to be drawn from these circumstances of the visits of English players to Helsingör against either Bacon or Shakspeare as being the true authors of the 'Ur-Hamlet.' But if we had to choose which one was the more likely author of the two—*i.e.*, Bacon or Shakspeare — it would certainly be Bacon; for Shakspeare in 1586-1589 had not long been up in London, and if the 'Ur-Hamlet' was anything like the final 'Hamlet,' it could hardly be Shakspeare's handiwork so early as that. But, as a matter of fact, the 'Ur-Hamlet' seems to have been a poor play without much success, a play only mentioned for purposes of derision, and a play that only earned eight shillings on one occasion in 1594.

One argument especially against Shakspeare's authorship of the 'Ur-Hamlet' has been this — that the Latin of 'Saxo Grammaticus,' whence the Hamlet story comes, is so uncommonly crabbed and difficult that Shakspeare would have been hardly able to make it out. This was a crux for the orthodox party, who above all claimed 'Hamlet' as the masterpiece of their 'divine William,' and therefore it was quite a godsend to them when Kyd was proposed as the author of an earlier 'Hamlet' of about 1587. 'Why, yes,' said they, 'our Shakspeare worked upon Kyd's early version, and so there was no need for him to read that crabbed old "Saxo Grammaticus." That crux of these lunatic Baconians is gone, thank goodness.'

Ah! but there was another fellow alive then who *could* read 'Saxo Grammaticus,' and, what is more, he knew about him, and refers to him by name in the new French Baconian documents to which I have drawn attention. But that is another story. According to the German authorities, Northern folk lore says that Hamlet, in conjunction with Tamerlane, stormed Constantinople. This would much interest Bacon if he had read it.

Since I expressed these opinions about Bacon and the original Hamlet, I find that Mr. Court-

hope has also given it as his opinion that the original 'Hamlet' and the original Chronicle Plays—on which Shakespeare was thought to have built his marvellous dramatic structures—were all written by Shakespeare himself, and bear his marks, which are so hard for other writers to imitate. This aids my contention considerably, for thus Shakespeare's early work is carried back to an almost impossible period, when he had been but little time in London, and had no chances of being either a student or a philosopher. But Bacon's work could easily be carried back to the Armada year or earlier, for he was a secluded student sitting in his cell in Gray's Inn years before Shakspeare left Stratford.

In fact, Baconians are on the winning side at present, without a doubt; for whatever new discovery or pregnant suggestion comes forth from the luminaries of the orthodox party, it is always sure to help our case more than theirs. I have given two examples in Mr. Courthope above, and Mr. Churton Collins with his Greek discoveries in the plays, and I can now add another,—a luminary whom no one will gainsay—I mean Dr. Garnett, in the sumptuous 'History of English Literature' which he and Mr. Gosse have just finished. The discovery, new to me, is connected with 'The

Tempest,' a play to which Dr. Garnett has given particular attention, and this is what he tells us in 'English Literature, an Illustrated Record' (ii. 252);—

'The source of the plot of "The Tempest" has until lately been a mystery, and even the most recent writers seem unacquainted with the important discovery by Edmund Dorer of a Spanish novelette, from which it is evidently derived, unless Shakspeare and the Spaniard resorted to a common source. The story, a most dull and pedantic production, occurs in a collection entitled "Noches de Invierno" (Winter Nights), by Antonio de Esclava, Madrid, 1609.'

Dr. Garnett then gives a summary of the plot, and adds,—

'This is undoubtedly the groundwork of the plot of "The Tempest." It is some argument for Shakespeare having obtained it directly from Esclava, and not from a common source, that the title of Esclava's book, "Noches de Invierno," may have suggested to him the title of "A Winter's Tale," which he began to write in 1610, the year following the publication of the Spanish stories.'

Really, this is almost a better find than the Greek tragedies of Mr. Collins. Can we not picture to our mind's eye the great actor manager

from Stratford ordering the latest Spanish novels from his bookseller, and then reading them at home in his arm chair with the consummate facility of a travelled diplomat or of a thoroughly educated aristocrat? He had no foreign tutors in his Stratford boyhood; we know that very well, for one was as likely to see a black swan proudly breasting the Avon as a foreign tutor presenting his card and terms to the honest burgesses of Stratford. I should say a Frenchman could barely earn his dinner, and if an Italian or Spanish 'devil' came to prospect the town, he would soon be sent off with short parley, either to the Pope or the shades below. No! I fear Shakspeare got little help towards enjoying a future Spanish novel in his London lodgings;—but what of that? He was a born genius, and all things come with perfect ease to such favoured ones! Shakspeare would have had no more difficulty with a Hebrew Bible than with a Spanish novel! It's all nonsense to impose limitations on such a genius as he was. There is not even a *prima facie* case when people try to make out that Shakspeare was not qualified to write the plays. Not qualified! Why, such genius as he had would qualify a man for anything, and that is why he was such a wonderful lawyer, such a

wonderful philosopher, and had such a wonderful universal knowledge as no other man of that age seemed to possess. I have heard my friends repeat these arguments so often that they almost come from my pen as my own:—but they have not quite convinced me yet.

CHAPTER XII

ORTHODOX DEFENCES

A PROFESSOR of English Literature in the University of Nebraska has written a book of over 400 pages, entitled 'What is Shakespeare?' and thinks it enough to devote about two pages and a half to the Bacon-Shakespeare question. One page is taken up with the statement that it will not do to say that Shakspeare could not have written the plays. He backs up his statement in this way,—

'Shakspeare's task in making the English drama was not greater than Giotto's in making the art of Southern Europe, and his discipline was not less ample. Sophocles produced the best dramas of classic time without other preparation than reading the plays that Æschylus wrote. Shakspeare had only the works of Greene and Peele and Lyly as exemplars, but he saw how their weakness could be made strength. This

seeing this vision is all that distinguishes genius from plodding minds. . . .

‘With this power of seeing, Mozart composes minuets and performs them at sight when he is but four years old. The present writer once knew of an ignorant Irish woman, unable to read or write who solved abstruse mathematical problems intuitively.’

He concludes,—

‘It is by no means clear that Shakspeare’s achievements really surpass these accepted marvels.’

These remarks of the Professor, though they read well, are of no force whatever against those Baconians who set themselves, as I do, to show that Bacon wrote ‘Lucrece’ and the ‘Sonnets.’ It does not matter to me in the least whether Shakspeare could or could not write ‘Lucrece’ and the ‘Sonnets’; for if I show that Bacon did write them, then Shakspeare must make his exit, and we must admit that the William Shakespeare signature in ‘Lucrece’ must refer to someone else. So this first line of the Professor’s argument does not affect me, whether it is correct or not. But it is not quite correct;—that is to say, it does not correctly prove what he intended it to prove, which was this, that Shakspeare’s vision com-

bined with his natural genius was sufficient to enable him to write what he did. It was *not* sufficient, strictly speaking, and could not be; for there are some matters and some portions of the Shakespeare works which no amount of genius *per se* would be sufficient to supply,—such matters, such references, such allusions, I mean, as could only be the result of deep and long study. There is any amount of matter in the great poems and plays which could not have been inserted there without considerable and prolonged study, combined with the easy access to books and the other accessories of culture. Now, Shakspeare of Stratford had not the chance of this, as far as we know of his early life, habits, and connections.

But this page and this argument of the Professor can be dismissed as beside our contention, which is that Bacon wrote 'Lucrece' and the 'Sonnets'; and, of course, the inference follows that he certainly wrote part of the plays, on account of the unquestionable similarities of thought and style.

Now, next, how does the Professor meet the contention (which is mine) that Bacon wrote the works in question?

Well, in the following singularly weak manner,—

‘If Bacon, or some other man of learning, wrote the poems and plays called Shakespeare’s, we should expect to find many things not present, and not to find many things that are present.’

To this we may reply,—Granted,—but the same general expectations might be raised concerning nearly any work, ancient or modern.

It depends altogether as to *what kind* of things are absent or present. Now, these are the things chosen to settle the point by the Professor:—

1. In ‘Cymbeline’ Posthumus is accented on the second syllable. A man of learning, as was Bacon, would never have committed such a gross fault. *Ergo . . .*

2. If the author had known classic instances and parallels, would he not have used them? But he did not. Therefore he was not a learned man in the classics. But Bacon was. *Ergo . . .*

3. ‘The man who wrote the works called Shakespeare’s was plainly shut off from the world of books, except Holinshed, Plutarch and Montaigne, and what the pupil of Stratford Free School might be expected to have made acquaintance with.’ But Bacon had access to the best of all literature. *Ergo . . .*

4. The only classical learning exhibited in the plays of Shakespeare is embodied in quotations

from the 'Accidence,' 'Sententia Pueriles,' etc., used in the schools of the day. And there are many anachronisms quite inconsistent with good scholarship, such as Bacon possessed. *Ergo* . . .

Every one of these four attempted proofs, which are made to pose as logical, can be easily shown to be absolutely worthless.

1. False quantities in classical words were by no means infrequent among learned men in the Elizabethan period, and there was a certain amount of freedom both given and taken with proper names, which nowadays would receive severe castigation. Bacon especially was careless in such minute details of every kind, and King James facetiously remarked it when he said of Bacon, 'De minimis non curat lex.' Good classical scholars and graduates of the Universities spoke of Euphrātes; we have also Sōcrates on the Stratford monument, and Bacon spoke of Romėo and Stephāno and Desdėmona, all wrong, and good scholars used horizon instead of horizon more than once. In fact, the careless slip in Posthumus is more in favour of Bacon's carelessness than Shakspere's ignorance.

2. This pseudo logical statement is totally contrary to facts. The plays, early and late, are full of classic instances and parallels, and show the learned man from beginning to end.

3. Again a statement quite contrary to the truth. The author of the plays plainly shows his wide and extensive reading; Bruno, Plato, Aristotle, Rabelais, the Greek tragedians, the Italian novelists, and many others, all show their influence with no uncertain sound.

4. This is answered as in No. 2, and some of the worst anachronisms are borrowed from other authors, while none are seriously inconsistent with good scholarship.

And there is this to be said in addition, that extremely talented University men, who were well up in the classics, in Ovid and Seneca and Plautus, yet might be lamentably deficient in modern geography. I will give a curious case in point. It is well known that one of the greatest and most unaccountable blunders in the Shakespeare plays is that where the author gives a sea coast to Bohemia. This alone, say the Shakespearians, is almost enough to put Bacon out of court and to establish the authorship of Shakspeare. Is it possible, say they, that he who made universal knowledge his province could ever make such a gross mistake as this? What! Francis Bacon give Bohemia a sea-coast? Why, his travelled brother Anthony would have had a lasting joke against him!

I answer, We are not to be too sure of this. The geography of Bohemia and of many places much nearer home was not at the fingers' ends of every educated Englishman in those Elizabethan days. Take the case of Thomas Kyd, a fairly parallel one. This fine and popular dramatist was well educated at Merchant Taylors' School under that excellent Headmaster Richard Mulcaster, was a good Latin scholar, and knew Seneca's dramas almost by heart, and yet he made most gross blunders in geography, both ancient and modern. Speaking of Thrasymene, the locale of the famous battle where Hannibal defeated the Romans, he has no idea that it is a lake; again, he translates 'Marius, l'honneur d'Arpin,' as 'Marius, Arpin's friend,' knowing nothing of Arpinum; and last, and worst of all, he speaks of the journey from Lisbon to Madrid as being made by sea!

After this, surely, we may let Bacon off. Moreover, there is evidence adduced by the Baconians that Bohemia really had a sea-coast not so very long before the plays were written.

CHAPTER XIII

MISCELLANEA

A MR. CHARLES ALLEN published a work on Bacon and Shakespeare at Boston, U.S.A., in 1900, and, as a fellow countryman of his calls him Judge Allen, he will make the fourth Judge who has entered the lists—viz., Judge Holmes, who was an early champion of Bacon, and, like Judge Allen, an American, and Judges Webb and Willis, who hail from the British Isles, not to speak of Lord Penzance, who had higher official position than any ordinary Judges.

Judge Allen argues very strongly and with great confidence against Bacon. He says that Bacon showed no interest in poetry or poets; that all Shakspeare's contemporaries held him to be the author of the plays and poems; and finishes by this, to his mind, conclusive paragraph,—

‘The most diligent search has been made for indications that Bacon claimed to be the author,

or was supposed to be so by persons in the secret. This search has been in vain.'

Such assertions as these, coming from a supposed expert, cast a spell upon the reading public, and seem unanswerable.

I have somewhat to add to my former arguments in 'Is it Shakespeare?' against the undue depreciation of Bacon's undoubted poetical attempts on the Psalms in his latest days.

First, by way of comparison, I think it will not be uninteresting to quote two of the chief psalmists in English Israel, and catch one of them in the act of revising the other.

Dr. Watts had the honour of being able to claim the following verse as his 'very own,'—

'The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas.'

Then comes *Wesley*, who thinks he can revise and improve thus,—

'The God that rules on high,
And all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the roaring seas.'

To which of these two are we to award the palm of merit? Who can judge? *Arcades ambo!*

But, surely, to exclude Bacon from the authorship of the Shakespeare poems and dramas on account of his poor attempt to versify certain psalms is quite unwarrantable. Look at Milton, for instance ; that is a common rejoinder. But look at Sidney's case ; that is far less known, and the parallel is closer than Milton's. Here is a stanza, an average specimen, from Psalm xxxi. Is it possible that the man who wrote the following could at any period of his life write 'Astrophel and Stella' ?

'O Lord, of thee lett me still mercy wynne ;
 For troubles of all sides have hemm'd me in :
 My eyes, my guts, yea my soule, grief doth wast,
 My life with heaviness, my yeares with moane,
 Doe pine : my strength with paine is wholly gone ;
 And ev'n my bones consume where they be plast.'

This is from 'The Psalmes of David, begun by the noble and learned gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knt., and finished by the Right Honorable the Countess of Pembroke his sister.' Printed for R. Triphook from a manuscript, 1823.

Philip did the translation of the first forty-three, and his sister finished the whole 150. Critics say she did her work better than her brother.

I hold, therefore, that the Shakespearian argu-

ment drawn by the orthodox critics from Bacon's version of certain psalms may be dismissed as of no validity.

A literary man of great eminence once said that his greatest stumbling block in the way of accepting my newly adduced proofs, was the feeling he had that Bacon could never have died renouncing all claim to 'Hamlet' or 'Lear.' I had already met that common feeling by some counter remarks in 'Is it Shakespeare?' and had given Bacon's own rather peculiar opinion that a man's fame should rather follow him than accompany him in life; but these remarks could not overcome the intuitive feelings which prevented the acceptance of the Baconian theory.

Possibly no amount of new proofs or facts would quite succeed in expelling such feelings, for we know that there are people who, according to Matthew Arnold, are inclined by their nature to resist what they feel to be the tyrannous despotism of facts, and for them, alas! my new proofs are in vain. But I must throw out a hint or two concerning this intuitive objection to my contention. First of all, Bacon at no period of his life,—least of all when he was nearing his death,—seemed to value his plays at anything like the high estimate succeeding generations have placed upon them.

They were to him mainly works of his 'recreation,' when he valued the art of poetry more than his maturer years endorsed. They were of small consideration compared with his great philosophical schemes,—they were 'dreames'; and if they could be of any use as 'living pictures' to help on the ethical side of his grand ideas for the common good they might stand; but he cared so little about this that he left the arranging of such matters to his 'brother Constable,' and added in a draft of his will, which came into Tenison's hands,—

'And herein I desire him [*i.e.*, Constable] to take the advice of Mr. Selden, and Mr. Herbert, of the Inner Temple, and to publish or suppress what shall be thought fit.'

Now, such men as Selden and Herbert, distinguished as they were above their fellows in so many ways, were, like Sir Thomas Bodley, of far too serious a mind to bow the knee before stage plays or any 'toys' of that kind. Sir Thomas, as we know, kept them out of the Bodleian as far as he was able, and, generally speaking, such plays as 'Hamlet' and 'Lear' caused little enthusiasm in any class of society in Elizabethan days, high or low.*

* About the only reference is a manuscript note of Gabriel Harvey in Speght's Chaucer, to the effect that "Lucrece" and "Hamlet" please the wiser sort.'

So Francis Bacon did *not* make such a great and marvellous renunciation, after all. And when we consider what Bacon's admission of authorship might have led up to among curious and envious tongues, it seems almost most likely that Bacon should die with sealed lips on this especial matter; —at least, it seems so to me, in spite of the high respect I have for my friend's great ability and intuition in matters literary.

It is well known how very much matter of the Shakespeare plays comes direct from Holinshed or North's Plutarch, but it is by no means so well known that Bacon in the preface to his 'History of the Reign of Henry VII.' highly commended this way of elaborating literary work as being so much less laborious and so much more speedy in execution. It saved the trouble of constructing a plot, and I do not think that plotting was very congenial to Bacon's literary tastes.

Anthony Munday, as Meres tells us, was 'our best plotter,' and, as he was also the 'poet' for Sir Oliver Owlet's company, Bacon may have been relieved of this part of his dramatic work by Munday and Shakspeare.

Bacon was first and above all 'a glorified orator,' and particularly good at 'counsels and speeches.' Now, many of the most splendid

passages in Shakespeare are of this character, and since Bacon pointedly commends this kind of building upon other's labours in the matter of chronicles and history, it certainly suggests Bacon's handiwork in some of the wonderful speeches, counsels, soliloquies, and 'notable particularities,' of the Shakespeare plays. What Bacon says is that an author's labour is much easier if he can only have to his hand 'a simple narration of the actions themselves'—*i.e.*, a plain historical narrative—'which should only have needed . . . to be enriched with the counsels and speeches and notable particularities.' This is undoubtedly the method of most of the historical plays of the First Folio.

Towards the end of his life Bacon seems to have had less praise for the wondrous effects of 'poesie.' But in early and middle life his views were very different. In the 'Advancement of Learning' (1605) we read that 'for the expressing of affections, passions, corruptions, and customs, we are beholden to poets more than to philosophers' works.'

It is well known that Carlyle concurred in the observation that Shakespeare showed such an understanding in his plays that he might have 'indited a "Novum Organum."' The exact words are,

‘Shakespeare, it has been well observed, in the planning and completing of his tragedies, has shown an understanding, were it nothing more, which might have governed States or indited a “Novum Organum”’ (‘Critical Essays,’ third edition, 1847, i. 277).

The Baconian element in the tragedies did not escape Carlyle’s critical insight.

APPENDIX

SHAKSPERE IN PERIL THROUGH HIS OWN DEFENDERS

MR. J. CHURTON COLLINS, in his article 'Had Shakespeare read the Greek Tragedians?' which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1903, gives considerable help to the contention that Bacon was the true author of 'Lucrece.' He does not intend to help such a proposition, for he is a rigid and resolute Shakespearian, and therefore his facts are all the more telling.

The story of Lucrece had been given in English by four writers—Chaucer, Lydgate, Gower, and Painter—*before* the famous Shakespeare poem was written.

Now, what Mr. Collins shows so clearly is this, that the author of 'The Rape of Lucrece' went direct to Ovid's Latin ('Fasti,' ii. 721-852) again and again, and in addition brought in details from the original Ovidian Latin which all

the other English translators had omitted. The following example is given. The Ovidian line was :

‘Hunc primum externâ pectora tacta manu.’

None of the four translators or paraphrasers dealt with this incident—it was curiously neglected by all ; but Shakespeare seized it and reproduced it by a wondrous verbal alchemy thus :—

‘Her breasts . . .

A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,

Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew.’

Hence the inference that the man of Stratford had his Latin Ovid before him, and was able to dispense with all translations, and to expand and improve one of the finest poets Rome ever had.

Again, Mr. Collins shows us that Shakespeare went to the Latin direct for his ‘Venus and Adonis’ and his ‘Comedy of Errors.’ He also thinks that Sir John Falstaff is a reminiscence of Pyrgopolinices in the ‘Miles Gloriosus’ of Plautus (a suggestion I have not heard before), and that Shakespeare knew both Plautus and Seneca very well, and possibly Horace and Lucretius, and that certainly he knew his Plato, as Mr. Collins shows by an admirable illustration too long to quote here ; but I may say that it is from ‘Troilus and

Cressida,' Act III., Scene iii., when Ulysses is discovered reading a 'strange fellow.' This turns out to be Plato, but Mr. Churton Collins thinks the Stratford man read Plato in a Latin translation; indeed, to suppose that Shakspeare occasionally conned his Plato, when he had a little spare time in Burbage's stable-yard, is rather too much for Mr. Collins or anyone else. However, we are further shown, for the first time, I believe, that Shakspeare absolutely knew some *obscure fragments* of the Greek tragic and comic poets as well as such more famous tragedians as Sophocles, Euripides, etc.

These fragments hardly ever enter into the curriculum of the highest forms of our public schools, and are not much looked into until high honours in the Classical Tripos are in prospective. Surely we have a *reductio ad absurdum* here. The Stratford man at home in the rugged fragments of unknown and known Greek poets! Why, not even the learned John Milton would be quite easy there.

How can the orthodox Shakespearians explain this? Well, much better than one would at first suppose. It is John Stobæus who is the *deus ex machinâ* here, and appears just in time to untie the Gordian difficulty; for we are told that this

learned scholar of the sixteenth century published his 'Loci Communes' in 1581, when Shakspeare was a young man, and *there* were to be found all these rugged fragments of difficult Greek, with the Latin translation facing them.

I can endorse this evidence as true, for I have seen the book; but that does not convert me to the orthodox Shakespearian faith—nay, it rather strengthens me in my damnable and irrational heresy. I quite accept this excellent suggestion of Stobæus, but I don't for a moment suppose that Shakspeare, either at home with his father, or in the stables with Burbage, or in his private dressing-room (if the great actor-manager had one), or at his lodgings near Blackfriars, ever had a Stobæus in his possession or turned over a leaf of it. But I believe Bacon would know it, for he was especially fond of apophthegms, gnomic sentences, similes, and such-like, and here was the very book for *him*.

Very likely Ben Jonson had the book in his large private library, but even then I doubt whether the Stratford man would ever ask for the loan of it. Nor do I believe he would try to tackle Plato even if he had the chance of a Latin translation; but Bacon was a deep student of Plato, as were, indeed, most of the learned courtly

men in those Elizabethan days. It was fashionable. They studied Plato in Italy, and Italian fashions ruled Court society in more ways than one.

In fine, Mr. Collins' new and interesting evidence for Shakspeare is to me strong evidence for the Baconian authorship.

In a second article a month later he deals with Shakespeare and Greek writers, and makes the orthodox case almost indefensible.

In a third article (July, 1903) he pursues the subject still farther in the same direction, and concludes by asserting that his accumulation of Greek parallels and identities 'differentiates the dramas of Shakespeare from those of his contemporaries, and allies them with the Greek.'

Shakspeare of Stratford alone among his contemporaries saturated with the Greek drama! Surely Mr. Collins is blind to the absurdity of that which he thinks he has demonstrated.

How many University pens of the present day, I wonder, could explain off-hand the line,—

'Let me lodge Lichas on the horns of the moon,'

Ant. Cl. IV. x. 45.

and many another recondite allusion of the 'classic' William? Saturated with Greek indeed! Well, there was a man in those days

who had a mother saturated with Greek, and accustomed to put scraps of it in her familiar letters, and that man spent some time in France, where Greek scholarship was valued, but his name was not Shakspeare. In fact, Dr. Garnett has put the case against Mr. Churton Collins very briefly and decisively in his recent great work :—

‘Mr. Churton Collins has endeavoured with much ingenuity to establish Shakspeare’s acquaintance with Greek literature, but when it is considered that he could only have acquired Greek in mature life by solitary study or private instruction, and that Latin translations would be difficult and uninviting, the initial improbability must be held to outweigh the precarious evidence of apparent coincidences which may be otherwise accounted for.’*

Just so. Mr. Churton Collins must climb down. ‘Coincidences which may be otherwise accounted for’ is distinctly good, in my opinion, as I have a private interpretation of my own, as my readers well know.

Mr. Collins, indeed, has been damaging his reputation very considerably of late. The examples of literary discourtesy, and something

* ‘English Literature, an Illustrated Record,’ by R. Garnett and E. Gosse, ii. 193.

worse, which he has given us in his attacks on Judge Webb and Dr. R. M. Theobald are atrocious, and his recent attempt* to deprive Milton of the authorship of the recently discovered romance of 'Nova Solyma' is full of misstatements.

While dealing with Mr. Churton Collins and his views of the wide range of the Stratford man's reading, I cannot refrain from quoting some rather similar, and even more amusing, remarks on Shakespeare's acquirements by a famous French critic. Oh, those critics! What imaginations some of them have, and how well are they able to 'give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.' This is what Philarète Chasles gives us as a contribution to our knowledge of William Shakspeare of Stratford:—

'Armed with indefatigable curiosity, he was an incessant reader, and made himself acquainted with all the literature of the day: Harington's Ariosto, Amyot and North's Plutarch, Fairfax's Tasso, and Florio's Montaigne, were in his hands as soon as published. . . . All was devoured by him, and his plays form a complete encyclopædia of his time. Rabelais, too, he knew,' etc.!

* *National Review*, July, 1904.

I am very much afraid that it is this kind of irresponsible literary talk, without any firm foundation to rest upon, that has partly produced that strong conviction among the great majority of the English speaking people that Shakspeare's genius and industry combined were of themselves quite sufficient to produce either a 'Hamlet,' or a 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' or any other miracle of literature that might have his name on the title page.

Look, too, at the extraordinary blindness that our best English critics seem to have with regard to any arguments or inferences which tell against their traditional belief, and which also run counter to all the lectures and literary Shakespearian work of their whole past life. I have been told that it is much harder to induce an octogenarian clergyman to give up the early parts of Genesis than it is to induce a freshman at one of our Universities to give up the whole Bible, and I am inclined to believe it, especially since the completion of the 'Encyclopædia Biblica.'

What I may call traditional belief is the hardest of all in resisting the perpetual dropping of reasonable argument. You may talk and reason and argue with some people about Shakspeare, and his approaching exit from the

‘Sonnets’ and the poems, for hours together, if you are foolish enough to waste so much time, and the result with the ordinary ‘man in the street,’—Aye! and often enough with the ordinary ‘man in the club,’ too,—hardly ever amounts to much more than this:—‘Well, you may say what you like, but Shakspeare has been good enough for my people for many generations, and he is good enough for me. He has stood his ground for 300 years or more with people who knew much more about him than we do, for they were nearer to his times, and he is not likely to be sent packing off by a few cranks here and there.’ And this is the way that the foremost critics of the day back such people up.

Edmund Gosse, the great critic, says:—

‘To doubt that what are called the works of Shakespeare were in the main written by William Shakspeare of Stratford-on-Avon, and that they were not in any degree written by Francis Bacon, is possible only if we neglect probability, the analogies of literary history, all internal evidence, and all external tradition’ (‘Arena,’ vol. viii., p. 369).

Professor Dowden says:—

‘Bacon and Shakespeare stand far apart. In moral character and in gifts of intellect and soul

we should find little resemblance between them' ('Shakespeare: His Mind and Art,' p. 18).

Andrew Lang says (*Longman's Magazine*, April, 1903):—

'I am passing weary of that absurd system [the Baconian theory]. After giving the works of its adherents a fair trial, I have not found among them one who seemed to possess more than the merest smattering of knowledge of Elizabethan times and literature.'

Must not such a trinity of imposing names carry all before it? It would seem so at first sight, certainly. But we should remember that the world has before now been frequently imposed upon by great names, and that it was the best men of the age in learning, in literature, and in reputation, that helped to impose the Witch Delusion on the general public everywhere.

I could bring forward a list of names of the highest ability and reputation who were on the side of the traditional belief and the Satanic theory, and against everyone who dared to utter anything in favour of the poor witches. And after all this imposing list of names—this united intellectual army—who were the deluded, who were in the right?

For a heretic like myself to call the orthodox Shakespearians victims of a delusion, fostered by a united intellectual army of imposing names, is more than I dare do ; but I must say this much, which is the expression of my sincere conviction. It seems to me that our great literary critics who have from time to time surveyed the different periods of English literary history, including the Elizabethan, have shown a great lack of literary insight in dealing with the most distinguished ornament of the Elizabethan period. As a rule they profess no difficulty whatever in accepting William Shakspeare of Stratford, whose daughter Judith could not write her own name, as the author of 'Hamlet,' 'Venus and Adonis,' the 'Sonnets,' and all the rest of the immortal 'works of Shakespeare.' They are able to marry such a man to such 'works' without a momentary doubt. These great critics must naturally have acquired a special knowledge of the Elizabethan period, or they would not have maintained their present reputation as critics ; but this is the remark I would make of the great trinity just quoted, and of others who uphold the same orthodox views:—They have, apparently, no *appreciation* of the difficulties of their orthodox theory. They seem to be either blind to them,

or to shut their eyes, or else to pass over them unconsciously.

I have a theory that their subliminal consciousness has, in the process of hereditary evolution, received such a marked impress from the traditional asseverance of so many generations, that it successfully repels any stimulus from the present generation which might try to make it do justice to 'Bacon.'

But I have also another theory which has been only just suggested to me by a pertinent remark of Maître Labori, the great French advocate, when defending the Humberts in August (1903). He was referring to the suicide of the banker Girard, and said :—

'When Girard died the bank was liquidated, and the indebtedness of the Humberts was put at 7,000,000 francs, whereas it was afterwards proved that the Humberts only owed 700,000 francs.'

The Advocate-General demurred at this, saying he had officially acted in the affair, and knew it well.

Maître Labori ironically replied :

'Perhaps on that account you are less qualified to give an opinion, for you have long made up your mind.'

Now, this is exactly what I think can fairly be said of some eminent and of many more commonplace Shakespearians :—*They are less qualified to give an opinion because they have long made up their minds.*

‘What a sophism!’ I seem to hear one of these cocksure critics reply to me. ‘Why, any fool can see that Maître Labori’s reply was the very reverse of the real truth; for if the Advocate-General had officially acted in the affair, and knew it well, he was *more* qualified, and not *less* qualified, to pronounce the right judgment on the case off hand. And just so it is with the eminent Shakespearians who have officially acted as acknowledged critics on the Elizabethan drama, and Shakespeare in particular, and know the whole matter well: they are assuredly *more* qualified to give the right opinion, and the man who deems them *less* qualified must be a fool or a crank. And if they do happen to have made up their minds on the question long ago, what does that matter? How can that make them less qualified?’

This looks like a knock out blow, but it is nothing of the kind. Maître Labori is neither a fool nor a crank, or he would not have reached his present position; and I hold he was quite right, and that his remark tells admirably against

the cocksure Shakespearians who have made up their minds long ago. For the Advocate-General, although he had some time previously given his best attention to the matter in controversy, 'knew it well,' had 'made up his mind' about it, and in consequence had not troubled his mind further. Still, all this only helped to make him *less* qualified to pronounce the best up-to-date opinion on the subject, because he had not thought it worth while to trouble himself about any *further evidence* that might turn up. Now, Maître Labori had looked after further evidence, and found that a mistake of one cipher had been made, and so the Advocate-General's demurrer was of considerably less value than he supposed.

Now, I hold this is very like the case of the old opinionated official Shakespearians, who have long made up their minds. Many, if not most of them, do not think it worth while to trouble their made up minds about further evidence. They are as sure about Shakspeare as mortal man can be. Why have they not given lectures on Shakspeare? Have they not written magazine articles about him, and even big books about him and all the events of his varied (?) life? What they don't know on the subject is not worth knowing. Up-to-date indeed! Why, such a term cannot apply

to a question settled once and for all long ago. So they may like to say, but such obscurantist principles won't serve nowadays.

If the Advocate-General had kept an 'open mind' instead of shutting it up 'long' before, he might have heard something about what 'was afterwards proved' in the matter of the one cipher—700,000 instead of 7,000,000. And here I make bold to say or repeat that, if Shakespearians will only try to keep an open and up-to-date mind, they will not contemptuously look away from the three or four pieces of remarkable Baconian evidence which have been recently given to the public by a Cambridge graduate in a thick octavo published by the careful and old established firm of John Murray.*

There will be found new facts of a kind that cannot easily be shirked or ignored. Contemporaries who knew the secret of the Baconian authorship are pointed out, and the passages showing this knowledge are quoted. The difference between Shake-speare of Gray's Inn and Shakspere of Stratford is pointed out and accounted for; and, stranger still, Bacon is shown to have put his secret signature to cer-

* 'Is it Shakespeare?' (John Murray, 1903).

tain of his poetical productions in a very prominent manner. And since the book was published three more signatures have been discovered.

But these signatures are by no means the fresh evidence I particularly allude to. These signatures may go the way of Donnelly and of Mrs. Gallup, and the new evidence will be in no way affected.

Since the principal orthodox Shakespearian champions 'made up their minds' some ten or twenty or more years have passed, and the problem as presented *now* to a mind with all its faculties open has been much altered in appearance; but the old orthodox parties, with their settled convictions, seem blind to the new features. If asked to notice and recognise this great alteration, their reply is virtually the old 'non possumus' of orthodox belief. But the new features are very striking. Here are just two of them only:—

1. Till very recently the great Lord Chancellor Francis Bacon was considered 'impossible' as a poet. Spedding, the highest authority, had declared that no five lines of Bacon's voluminous works could be mistaken for Shakespeare by any man who knew Bacon's style. This absolutely

confirmed the old Shakespearians in their error, and many cannot shake off Spedding's great authority yet. But *we know now*—Spedding knew it—that Bacon in early life was devoted to literature of the dramatic and imaginative kind,—that it was the one thing that his *genius* was fitted for, and that he was never quite at home or happy in his legal studies, though through them his advancement in life must needs come. In spite of Bacon's determination to conceal it, he was essentially a poet of the highest order, as far as the alchemy of words and similes was concerned. His special genius this way has been well described as that of a 'glorified orator,' and though the orthodox party seem consistently to ignore it, Bacon has been praised as a great, and in some instances a supreme, poet by a *catena* of contemporaries and friends who are above suspicion of undue flattery to a dead man. He was made Chancellor of Parnassus in 1644 (George Wither), and in the 'Manes Verulamiani,' published in 1640, he has a host of writers attesting his intimate relation with the Muses.

That Bacon translated a few Psalms very badly (as they said), when he was an old man, was considered quite sufficient to reject at once all Bacon's claims as a possible candidate for the

poems and plays of William Shakespeare. So that settled the controversy as against Bacon.

2. The orthodox party held that the controversy was most convincingly and definitely settled as in favour of Shakspeare, by the acknowledged fact that all his contemporaries accepted him as the author without demur or hesitation. This 'fact' has to go. Its foundations have been sapped, and its assertions cannot maintain their ground.

Many of his contemporaries *did* know Bacon's secret, and half lifted the veil that concealed it, by their published satires and epigrams and plays. None of them, it is true, spoke out clearly and distinctly, for there would be the Star Chamber and libels and scandals to be faced, and none of the old school of Shakespearians seemed to have even an inkling of what was alluded to.

Hall, Marston, and Ben Jonson, in 'The Poetaster,' were among the few that *did* know and *did* speak, but there were far more of Bacon's contemporaries who knew but *did not speak*. I cannot account for the extraordinary reticence and complete absence of allusion with regard to Shakespeare in many quarters where one would expect quite the reverse, except by the hypothesis

that they were *in the secret*, and therefore intentionally kept silence.

Consider the remarkable case of Henslowe's 'Diary ; nearly all the playwrights are mentioned again and again, but not a word about the greatest of them all, and not a single play connected with his name. Then there was Gabriel Harvey, and his friend and correspondent Spenser, and his enemy and correspondent Nash—but nothing about the Stratford genius.

In fact, there seems to have been an 'etiquette of silence' concerning that mysterious man whose name was on so many title pages, and whose singular portrait must have met many eyes in Jacobean times.

Many distinguished writers never mention him anywhere in their works, and others, such as Heylin in his 'Microcosmos,' and Bolton in his 'Hypercritica,' although both treating of the poets of the age, leave out all mention of Shakespeare's poems, popular as they undoubtedly were. But more striking still is what the anonymous author of 'Wit's Recreations' (1640) says in an epigram 'To Mr. William Shake-speare':—

'Shake-speare, we must be silent in thy praise,
'Cause our encomiums will but blast thy bayes
Which envy could not.'

Why was silence so necessary? What could blast the credit of the immortal 'bayer' unless it should be some hidden scandal or *mendacium fumæ* which must be suppressed and forgotten,* or some charge of Atheism?

The one cause which, more than all others, has made even the most acute and experienced critics of Shakespeare so absolutely confident about the actor author is this. They held it to be a certainty that all contemporary evidence was in favour of Shakspeare's authorship, and that there was not a single writer of that age who, if he made any references to the subject at all, did not always express himself in a way to utterly exclude Bacon from having any possible part in the matter. We know now that there was good evidence before their eyes in more than one author, but they were perfectly blind to it.

Gerald Massey must have devoted years to his huge books on the 'Sonnets.' One quarto lies before me now of 500 pages, small print, on this part of Shakespeare alone, and this is his opinion at p. 379, ed. 1888.

He holds firmly that Ben Jonson and every-

* For this conspiracy of silence see further in 'Is it Shakespeare?' pp. 234, 235.

body else of that time 'did everything to prove that Bacon did not write the plays, but you've only got to stand on your head, or go off it altogether, to reverse all that and see that Bacon *was* the real author.' And thus even the best authorities used to scoff and jeer, and abuse would follow in most cases; but my recent experience of many remarkable correspondents has led me to believe that such conduct is almost a sure sign that they feel they are getting the worst of the argument, and so fall back on jeers and abuse as their last resource. This is a favourite method with the low-class pressman when at a loss for further matter.

But if the only faults or defects that could be charged against the orthodox critics were their blindness and inattention to new evidence, they would not be altogether without excuse or defence. But they are such 'absolute knaves,' and so abominably abusive as well. To vary a well-known couplet, I would say of them:—

'Abusive words admit of no defence,
For mere abuse is always want of sense.'

I am ready enough to admit that the increasing body of Baconian heretics has some 'cranks' among its members, and I dare say one or two

'frauds' as well (whether conscious or unconscious of their fraud I know not), but what I urge is that the moderate or average Baconian does not deserve to be called the advocate of an 'irrational' theory, neither does he deserve downright abuse and scorn.

As one of the best ways of dealing with bad half-crowns is to nail them down to the counter, where the public can notice them, so, I think, it will be profitable to exhibit some of these abusive *mauvais sujets* of literature in the pages of the present volume.

I will begin with a very mild specimen. Mr. Grant White says:—

'The notion that Bacon wrote "Titus Andronicus," "Hamlet," "King Lear," and "Othello," is not worth five minutes' consideration by any reasonable creature.'

Now for something stronger.

In 1895 a certain Mr. J. J. Foard wrote a lecture called 'The Bacon-Shakespeare Craze,' which was inserted in the 'Papers of the Manchester Literary Club' (p. 290, etc.). He asks:—

'Why do a number of men and women—grossly ignorant, it is true—devote themselves to the fraud and cheat of pretending to dethrone

Shakspeare? Why do they frame false history, forge documents, assert to be truth what they know to be untruth, for the poor and pitiful, the beggarly reward of dishonourable notoriety? . . . Save and except those who are crazy, they are mean and contemptible cheats all.'

Is this Manchester Literary Club a well-known institution? Do its members often use such language? or is this an exceptionally impulsive member, whose zeal for the moment outran his discretion? I hope the last is the correct view.

But really such people deserve some kind of castigation; a harmless and humorous, but expressive, epithet might do them good. Will someone supply it?

But enough of such low class abuse. I will dismiss this unpleasant subject with the admission that there are great faults among the anti-Shakespearians as well—faults of over-assertion, faults of pure ignorance, faults of obsession by a predominant idea, which, alas! have more than once led to madness or pronounced crankiness.

There have been cranks who have attributed to Bacon nearly all the best Elizabethan literature. There have been others who have *worked up* (unconsciously, I hope) ciphers and revelations of Bacon's history and Bacon's translation of

Homer which have even, as I know by personal letters to myself, made prominent Baconians give up all interest in the question.

Then the Rosicrucians and Freemasons are brought into the argument, and it is the endeavour of many prominent upholders of the Baconian theory to connect Francis Bacon with them. There is not so much harm in this last attempt *per se*, but the mistake made is in the way the subject is handled. The rise of the Rosicrucian literature (*circa* 1614) is not an easy theme even for an adept in occultism, and yet the occasional articles in *Baconiana* and elsewhere show such utter ignorance of the true historical aspects of the matter that they disgust even that omnivorous receiver, the general reader.

I do not, of course, write thus in angry condemnation; on the contrary, I am only too sorry that the truth should have these hindrances, preventing for the present its ultimately prevailing power. But it was so in the very beginning, as the following extract will show. It is taken from,—

The | Romance of Yachting; | Voyage the
First | By Joseph C. Hart | Author of Miriam
Coffin &c. | New York | Harper and Brothers,
Publishers | 82 Cliff Street | 1848. |

As the book is not to be found in the British Museum, it may be worth while to make a few abstracts from it, just to show the kind of critic it was that first broached the anti-Shakespearian tap. Here is *his* account of Shakspere of Stratford :—

‘ He grew up in ignorance and viciousness, and became a common poacher—and the latter title in literary matters he carried to his grave. He was not the mate of the literary characters of the day, and no one knew it better than himself. It is a fraud upon the world to thrust his surreptitious fame upon us. He had none that was worthy of being transmitted. . . . Whoever has looked into the original editions of his dramas will be disgusted with the obscenity of his allusions. They absolutely teem with the grossest impurities—more gross by far than can be found in any contemporary dramatist. . . .

‘ This was the secret of his success with the playgoers. . . . It brought *money* to the house. . . . Whalley speaks of Shakespeare’s *remarkable modesty*, but Gifford, the best critic England ever had, observes, “ *We shall be at a loss to discover it.*” “ His offensive metaphors and allusions,” says Steevens, “ are undoubtedly more frequent than those of all his predecessors or contemporaries.” His profanity is thus noticed by Gifford: “ He is in truth the Coryphæus of

profanation." "All his sonnets are licentious," says another.'

And so Mr. Joseph C. Hart rambles on for many pages of his book (pp. 209-243). I should never have had the chance of hearing the first Shakespearian heretic unless another American, of most remarkable qualifications, had in 1888 published a small work entitled, 'Was THE Shakespeare, after all, a Myth?' And here we are favoured with long extracts from Hart's very rare work, and with some extra remarks by that extra-qualified American, I. Watts de Peyster, LL.D., etc.*

Another writes thus :—

'The idea of Lord Bacon's having written Shakspeare's plays can be entertained only by folk who know nothing of either writer, or are crackt, or who enjoy the paradox or joke. If

* These are his qualifications:— Master of Arts, Columbia College of New York, 1872; Hon. Member Clarendon Hist. Soc., Edinburgh, Scotland; of the New Brunswick Hist. Soc., St. John, Canada; of the Hist. Soc. of Minnesota, Montana, New Jersey, etc.; Life Member Royal Hist. Soc. of Great Britain, London, England; Member Maatschappij Nederlandsche Letterkunde, Leyden, Holland, etc.; Colonel, N.Y.S.I., 1846, assigned for *meritorious conduct* to command of 22nd Regimental District, etc.

Judge Holmes's book is not meant as a practical joke, like Archbishop Whately's *Historic Doubts*, or proof that Napoleon never lived, then he must be set down as characteristic-blind, like some men are colour blind. I doubt whether any so idiotic suggestion, etc., etc. The tomfoolery of it is infinite.' Furnivall.

A letter to an American friend by a literary critic of eminence in England runs as follows :—

'Not a single adherent of any weight has joined the Baconian party here. A few persons that believe we are the Ten Tribes, and that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Tichborne, and that Tennyson's sister was the author of "In Memoriam"—people for whom evidence does not exist, and who love paradox for its own sake—form the whole Baconian schism over here' (E. Gosse).

An anti-Baconian (Mr. Rolfe) says the plays show from internal evidence that 'they must have been written by Shakspeare, or by some man whose education or experience were like his.' The author clearly shows us in the plays and 'Sonnets' that he is no scholar. 'His life is a key to much that would otherwise be perplexing in his works.'

Lastly, in the *Academy*, April 2, 1898, Mr. Sidney Lee says :—

‘During the past eight months I have been the recipient of numerous communications directing my attention to the crazy theory that Bacon was the author of Shakspeare’s plays. . . . I therefore desire to put on record the fact, as one admitting to my mind of no rational ground for dispute, that there exists every manner of contemporary evidence to prove that Shakspeare, the householder of Stratford-on-Avon, wrote with his own hand, and exclusively by the light of his own genius, . . . those dramatic works which form the supreme achievement in English literature.

‘The defective knowledge and casuistical argumentation, which alone render another conclusion possible, seem to me to find their closest parallel in the ever popular delusion that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Tichborne.’

A year later, April 24, 1899, we have the same ‘cocksure’ gentleman bearing witness at a dinner of the Birmingham Dramatic Club. Here, it being after dinner, he assumes the rôle of the facetious witness, and gets roars of laughter in court, as well as applause. Among much else, he said with reference to our subject:—

‘There is no law of evidence which, when applied to Shakspeare’s biography, justifies in the brain of any man of ordinary capacity the smallest doubt that the inhabitant of Stratford-on-Avon,

William Shakspeare, whose tomb in Stratford Church bears the contemporary attestation, and no other, was the greatest man of letters of his day. (Applause.) There was no reasonable room for doubt that Shakspeare of Stratford wrote the plays which were published under his full name, and were commended to the reading public just after his death by his friend Ben Jonson, as the outpourings of the voice of his "beloved" Shakespeare, "sweet Swan of Avon." (Applause.) The noxious Baconian bacillus was very much alive in the brains of men in all parts of the world. (Laughter.) It was a tale full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Bacon was no poet. He tried to write verse, and failed miserably. He (Mr. Lee) undertook to prove to any impartial jury who were pledged to abide by the spurious logic of the Baconians, that every poem usually assigned to Lord Tennyson was really the exercise of Mr. Gladstone's recreation (laughter), or that the volumes that had come forth under the present Poet Laureate's name were the ejaculations of the muse of their distinguished fellow townsman—Mr. Chamberlain.' (Renewed laughter.)

This is really quite mild and pleasantly jocose for Mr. Sidney Lee. He can be, and has been, positively nasty to a degree in his utterances against the Baconians, and I think some one ought

to remind him that as Prince Michael the Archangel, when contending with the devil about the body of Moses, 'durst not bring against him a railing accusation,' so also Mr. Solomon Lazarus Levi, as one of God's ancient people, should take example by that 'great prince which standeth up for' the children of Israel (Dan. xi. 1); and if in these latter times there happens to be a contention about the 'body' of Shakspeare, or, in other words, about the *corpus dramaticum* of the First Folio of 1623 and its author, he should not bring a *railing accusation* against the Baconian heretics, even if he thinks them past praying for.

The determined and abusive opposition of the chief literary luminaries of our country to the Baconian theory has been called a 'psychological puzzle,' but I think it can be explained in a simpler way. The last paragraph of a review on Galileo's life (just published) suggested it to me:—

'Truly the one unpardonable sin, the heresy for which there is no absolution, was to think with and sympathize with Galileo. For he had made the great men of his day ridiculous, and that they could never forgive.'*

For Galileo's heresy substitute the Baconian

* *Daily Chronicle*, October 19, 1903.

heresy, and a simple explanation, quite consonant with human frailty, follows.

But there are methods of treating an opponent even worse than using the unbridled license of jeers and abuse. The treatment which Judge Webb and Dr. R. M. Theobald received from Mr. J. Churton Collins is one of the worst phases of that shifty expert criticism which has yet been revealed. However, the full correspondence concerning this has been published by the injured party, Dr. Theobald,* and there is therefore no need to refer to it further here.

But enough of jeers and abuse. Let us now turn to the imaginative powers of the devout Shakespearians.

I will begin with the following gentleman, chiefly on account of his turning the tables on the Baconians and trying to make out Shakspeare the author of Bacon. He is described as a Major in the 4th Lancashire Artillery Volunteers, and he tells us that he sat on one of the miserere stalls in Stratford chancel with Ralph Waldo Emerson one Sabbath morning, so he ought to be worth listening to.

He says :—

* 'The Ethics of Criticism, illustrated by Mr. Churton Collins,' by R. M. Theobald, M.A. Watts and Co., 1904.

‘In this our age, when doubt of anything has lost novelty, even the existence of him in whom the literary expression of English thought had as yet found its culmination is impudently drawn within the province of scepticism, and a daring endeavour is made to instal a contemporary unprincipled lawyer on the pinnacle of him acknowledged by the universal world as the one of all others whose name can never die, his experience being co-extensive with every field of human knowledge. . . .

‘The delight that some men take in trying to upset history and tradition is but the envy of miserably small and discontented minds yearning for notoriety rather than desire for true knowledge.

‘Of such is the wretched attempt to dethrone Shakspeare. . . . Because Francis Bacon was the most omniscient of men, they presume him to have written the plays attributed to Shakspeare. No true student of Shakspeare promulgates such nonsense. . . .

‘This eminent lawyer and philosopher, Bacon, who is pretended to have produced such pure and exalted ideas, is handed down to us in history as of a very base character. In obsequiousness, subserviency, jealousy, meanness, and ingratitude, he distanced all mankind. As a judge, a friend, and an advocate his conduct was equally contemptible. . . . He confessed his guilt, and

suffered penalty and degradation. Would it not be nearer the truth to say that it is an impossibility that such a man could have written what are called "Bacon's works," and that Shakspeare was the real author of the philosophy in question? There is far more reason in this theory. . . . It is within the bounds of reason to inquire whether Shakspeare be not really the author of Bacon's "Essays," and, indeed, all that scheme which the world is pleased to call Baconian, forasmuch as all the world knows that Shakspeare was contemporary with Francis Bacon and was a brilliant wit. . . . It is highly probable that Shakspeare was too timid and reserved to offer his work in his own name, especially seeing he was a popular writer of plays, and hence he assumed that of a friendly lawyer, preferring to appear by attorney. How improbable, then, that this lawyer, who falsely bears the palm, could have produced such pure and exalted ideas, seeing his base and degraded character!

A little further on this author tells us how he had the good fortune

'to accompany Ralph Waldo Emerson on a visit to the shrine at Stratford. . . . It was on a Sabbath morning we attended together the service in Holy Trinity Church. We occupied two of the remarkable miserere stalls in the chancel.'

His book is entitled 'Shakespeare's True Life,'

and it runs to 400 imperial octavo pages. Naturally, much of this must be the record of events outside of Shakspeare's life, for the player's life could not afford material enough of itself—*e.g.*, the year 1592 is partly filled in by an account of how that 'Shakspeare and Bacon had been jointly engaged in getting up one or more of his plays at Gray's Inn,' and it begins with the saying 'they should be frequently together in the eminently charming retreat just acquired by Bacon at the munificent hand of Elizabeth's favourite.'

He then refers to the statement that Shakspeare and Bacon had a special fondness for the two old cedars at Twickenham, and spent much time in reading and converse 'under the shade of these wide-spreading venerable trees.'

'At this time when these two mightiest of intellects were communing together in the garden, Bacon's consummate taste was perfecting, and Shakspeare's dramas had evinced their vast superiority over all others. . . . Tears and laughter, the inseparable attendants of surpassing genius, burst forth,' etc.

Ohe! jam satis. How can such books find readers? I suppose it is partly the fine writing and the beautiful (?) sentiments.

He has a chapter on 'Shottery: Sweet Anne

Hathaway.' His earliest muse thus addressed her :—

‘ If my soul check thee, that I come so near,
Swear to my blind soul that I was thy Will,
And Will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.’

Then follows an account of the village, the cottage, and the well :—

‘ In the front of the cottage, near the doorway, is the well, deep and moss-grown, where by aid of the accustomed bucket, deliciously cool and refreshing draughts are ever ready on the hottest summer day. How many thousands have here slaked thirst, and how increasingly great will the army of devotees yearly become as time rolls onwards, and his words of wisdom and profound knowledge of human life and action shall be more known and appreciated ! What a privilege to drink at the same fountain at which he drank from the hand of sweet Anne !’ and so on.

This is what ‘ fetches ’ the readers of the lower middle class, and, I fear, some, too, who are considerably higher. This gentleman was a friend of Sir Theodore Martin, and dedicates his book to him.

Some of the American writers who deal with this subject give themselves a freer rein still. On the other side of the Atlantic there seems more

interest in Ann Hathaway than we can manage to 'work up' in the mother country. 'Cannot we bring Anne Hathaway into the "Sonnets" or plays?' This seems often in their thoughts.

One critic, Parke Godwin (Boston, 1900), takes Sonnet CXXX. to refer to Ann Hathaway, for the reason that no true poet or gallant sonneteer would ever apply such language as there is in that sonnet to a real lady. He seems to think it must be some coarse damsel of the Blowsibella type who is addressed. Therefore we have here, he thinks, 'a glimpse of the rustic country wench who inveigled Shakspeare into a premature marriage,' etc.

Again, he fancies that 'sweet Anne Page' might represent Ann Hathaway. She had spirit enough to run away without getting her parents' consent; she was older than her husband, etc.

But, anyhow, our American cousin feels sure that the beautiful Sonnet XVIII. was written to Ann Hathaway. He lets his imagination carry him forward thus:—

'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate,

Etc., *ad finem.*

'As the lad repeated these lines to the girl, either at Shottery, her home, or in his father's

house, she, if she was the woman I take her to have been, threw her arms about him, and gave him some hearty kisses, exclaiming : “ Oh, Willie boy, if ever there was a poet, you are one, but, alas ! you make too much of my good looks : for remember that I am older than you are, and beauty is a thing that soon decays.”

“ Does it ? ” he reflected, as he went away thoughtfully. And the next time they were alone he gave her *his* version of that question in Sonnet CIV.’

Some greater writers, too, give loose rein to their imagination on this important subject.

Dr. George Brandes, whose ability to discuss deep Shakspeare problems none can dispute, thus ‘ fills up ’ the large canvas he has taken to work upon (two thick volumes, large 8vo.) out of his inner consciousness. He has to tell us that Shakspeare about the year 1613 left London altogether to live permanently at Stratford. This is how he does it :—

‘ That must have been a momentous day in Shakspeare’s life on which, after giving up his house in London, he mounted his horse and rode back to Stratford-on-Avon to take up his abode there for good. . . . The journey took three days. He would put up at the inns at which he was accustomed to stay on his yearly journeys to

and fro, and where he was always greeted as a welcome guest, and given a bed with snow white sheets, for which travellers on foot were charged an extra penny, but which he, as rider, enjoyed gratis. The hostess at Oxford, pretty Mistress Davenant, would give him a specially cordial greeting. The two were old and good friends. Little William, born in 1606, and now seven years old, possessed a certain, perhaps accidental, resemblance of feature to the guest.

‘As Shakspeare rode on, Stratford would, as Hamlet says, rise “before his mind’s eye.” A life of daily companionship with his wife was to begin afresh after a break of twenty-eight years. She was now fifty-seven. . . . There could be no intellectual bond between them after so long a separation, and their married life was but an empty form.’

The learned doctor spares us Mrs. William Shakspeare’s remarks over their first cup of tea together; he has the merit of literary reserve so far, but such biographical details are not very convincing.

‘It is to be regretted, and it is indeed somewhat extraordinary, that not a fragment of the bard’s poetry addressed to his Warwickshire beauty [Anne Hathaway] has been rescued from oblivion; for that the muse of Shakspeare did not lie dor-

mant on an occasion so propitious to her inspiration we must believe, both from the custom of the times and from his own amatory disposition. He himself has told us that

‘“ Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper’d with love’s sighs.”
 ‘*Love’s Labour’s Lost*, IV. iii. 342.’

Some of the popular biographies of our great national poet have been padded out with the veriest sentimental and imaginative trash that ever has been written on the life of any genuine historical character. I shall not dwell upon it now, although I believe it has a great deal to do with the persistent disinclination of the man in the street and the man on the press to listen to anything that might depreciate the great national idol of literature or tend to remove him from his pedestal. I therefore give but one instance out of many, the offender being a Mr. Fullom, who wrote a biography in 1862 which had a large circulation, and was issued by one of the first publishers of the day.

He is dealing with young William as a butcher’s boy. His evidence is correct enough, and fairly quoted. The parish clerk of Stratford-on-Avon told Dowdall in 1693 that Shakspeare was bound apprentice to a butcher. Possibly he was, for in

1578, when he was fourteen, his father had fallen into bad circumstances, and had to raise money. The gossip Aubrey confirms the record, and adds that he would kill a calf 'in a high style and make a speech.'

'Ah!' says Fullom (p. 81), 'could we but recover one of those orations! Crude it would be, no doubt, but we should see mind sparkling through it—the precious metal veining the quartz. We may imagine there was a flavour of Touchstone and a spice of Autolycus in the harangue, something of Jacques in the forest, and something of Hamlet in the churchyard.'

What rubbish! Yet this is the kind of writing that some people are accustomed to call 'fine,' 'beautiful!' etc. All I can say is that I have been thoroughly sickened with it, for the quantity one has to wade through when comparing notes for the *facts* of Shakspeare's life is simply enormous. Some Lives of Shakspeare seem almost made up of this kind of sentimental rant, or at least in Falstaff's proportion of an intolerable quantity of sack to a pennyworth of sustaining bread.

Shakspeare was a butcher's boy, sure enough. Says Mr. Fullom:—

'We hear the squeak of the pig in this passage:—

“ Weke, weke ! so cries a pig prepar’d to the spit.”

Titus Andronicus, IV. ii. 146.

Even the lesser operations are touched upon :—

“ And this way I take upon me to wash your liver as a sound sheep’s heart.”—*As You Like It*, III. ii. 386.

Falstaff knows how the little Aceldama is cleaned out :—

“ Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher’s offal ?”—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. v. 4.

And he catches a glimpse of the shop itself when the poet speaks of “ butchers killing flies.” “ Coriolanus,” IV. vi. 95.’

Ohe ! jam satis. If any readers want any more of this gentleman’s fine sentiment and convincing evidence, I would refer them to p. 119 and p. 123, where he deals with Ann Hathaway and the power of love. But for a change of air let us cross the Channel.

One of the strangest pieces of Shakespearian criticism is, of course, Voltaire’s judgment. I cannot pretend to explain how so masterly a critic and so fine a satirist and dramatist could make such a portentous error, but his view was that Shakspere was ‘a writer of monstrous Farces, called by him Tragedies’; and he pro-

nounced 'Hamlet' to be 'the work of a drunken savage.'

This criticism has one merit, certainly; that is, it is expressed with perfect freedom from all conventional ideas. We get such gems of merit even now-a-days. Here is one I jotted down from a weekly review some time ago, by a critic who thinks Shakspear 'overrated':—

'The lines put into the actor's mouth to indicate the fact that Hamlet is a philosopher are for the most part mere harmonious platitudes which, with a little debasement of the word music, would be properer to Pecksniff.'

The nonsense that capable critics write about Shakspeare is really surprising. Take this as one example among many:—

'Shakspeare never killed a man as Jonson did; his voice was never heard, like Marlowe's, in tavern brawls; nor was he ever, like Marston or Chapman, threatened with the penalty of having his ears lopped off and his nose slit; but his life was so gentle and so clear in the sight of man and of Heaven that no record of it has come down to us; for which failure I am fervently grateful, and as fervently hope that no future year will ever reveal even the faintest peep through the divinity which doth hedge this king.' (H. Furness, Preface

to 'Much Ado About Nothing' in the Variorum Edition.)

This rubbish finds hearty acceptance with thousands of orthodox worshippers !

When Mr. Tyler's book, about the 'Sonnets' of Shakspeare and Mary Fitton, first came out, there was some fluttering in the dovecotes of the Shakespeare Society of New York. They felt that though Mr. Tyler might be severely orthodox, yet this new discovery of his—that Mary Fitton, the Queen's Maid of Honour, had been attracted by William Shakspeare, and ultimately became his mistress—was rather against the usual orthodox view of William.

As a reviewer in the New York Shakespeare Society journal said (vol. vii., p. 257):—

'For a raw country lad who lived in a mid-English sixteenth-century village until he was eighteen, Shakspeare seems to have speedily had London at his feet; lording it ineffably over his elders and fellows in the profession; he struts arm-in-arm with Southampton and Pembroke, steals their mistresses from them, and intrigues with the ladies of the Court.'

Yes, I agree that this Shakspeare-Fitton *mésalliance* does seem a trifle 'high.' But I'm a heretic,

and don't believe it. The way in which Shakspere's admirers have bestowed upon him well nigh every accomplishment under the sun is sometimes very amusing. Mr. William Blades has written a book (Triibner, 1872) showing the great technical knowledge of printing that is to be found in the plays, and suggests that Shakespeare may have worked in Field's shop. But two can play at this game of suggestions, and Mrs. Stopes has hinted that the 'dark lady' of the 'Sonnets' might be Jacqueline Vautrollier, a female relation of Field's by marriage; and since Bacon is the author of the 'Sonnets,' we have a fancy view of Bacon pressing Jacqueline's lovely fingers amidst the lifeless presses and types of Field's back premises. Whether the 'dark lady' could use the composing stick with effect we are not told, but we learn from the 'Sonnets' that she was pretty quick with the 'Jacks.'

I cannot understand why there should be such a strong general feeling of dislike shown to any attempt to put Bacon in Shakspere's place. If Bacon were the better man, and had better claims as well, why should he not be accepted? Why this frantic and furious refusal to give up Shakspere? The fact is, one has been idealized and idolized into a being almost perfect, and the other

has been depreciated into the 'meanest of mankind.' The words, the sentiments, the philosophy, of the immortal plays have all been held to show what a wonderful and sublime genius Shakspeare was;—the few facts of his life, which are of a most commonplace order, are passed over without notice, and the eyes of the devout Shakespearians remain fixed on the ideal man, the glorious poet, the sublime philosopher. While as for Bacon, the very thought of *such* a man being put forward as the genius of the wonderful plays is positively repulsive and painful to every man or woman who has a scrap of interest in the glories of English literature. But why so? If Bacon and Shakspeare were standing prisoners at the bar on any charge where previous character was an important element in the trial, which would have the best record of the two, and which could bring forward the strongest and most unexceptionable witnesses in his favour? Bacon, undoubtedly. There is little on record to Shakspeare's credit except his 'honesty' in theatrical dealings, which included brokerage and the collection of a long-scraped stock of old manuscript plays. He was very imprudent as a young man in several respects, and other failings are on record; but his admirers view their idol through glasses which effectually obscure

everything but the halo which sentiment, imagination, tradition, and conventional opinion, have placed above his noble and intellectual brow. And just as Shakspeare has been generally unjustifiably glorified, so has Bacon been generally abominably libelled and unfairly represented.

The great charge against Bacon, through which he fell from his high estate, is nearly always thought to be worse than it really was. He had filled the office of Lord Chancellor for a space of four years when the accusation was brought against him, and he had done as good a four years' work as ever man performed in that same high and arduous position. Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, his predecessor, was an old and dilatory man, who had occupied the Woolsack for twelve years when almost past work, and in consequence there was left an enormous arrear of causes for hearing. Bacon set to work admirably, and with conspicuous ability made a clearance of no less than 8,000 orders and decrees in his first four terms, and in his four years he had decided over 10,000 cases.

'Never any decree made by him,' says Rushworth, 'was reversed as unjust.' And his best biographers allow that there was no single case of proved injustice. Out of all these 10,000 cases

and more, his enemies only raked up against him twenty-two cases of alleged corruption; and though some of these cases were acknowledged by all parties, they did not amount to more than taking presents and money from one or both parties, or, rather, allowing his servants and attendants to do so—a wrong practice, undoubtedly, but one so often in vogue in high places that no stigma of moral corruption was attached to it. Nor do I think Bacon ever looked at the matter as one that blasted his character in any way, or thought that he was in any way morally guilty. He was technically guilty, but he had been the best Lord Chancellor for many a long year. He wrote again and again that he was innocent 'in his heart'; he had 'a clean heart' in the matter.

I do not think it is generally known that there is such a thing as a 'Shakspeare - mania,' and that some very illustrious people have fallen victims to it. One of the most striking cases is that of the famous Ludwig Tieck.

A carefully compiled monograph has just been published as a contribution to the history of the Shakspeare mania in Germany, with especial reference to Tieck.*

* Dominik Zelak, 'Tieck und Shakespeare.' Tarnopol, 1902.

Tieck's mania began when he was a schoolboy, and his first reading of 'Hamlet' under very trying atmospheric and cerebral disturbances is recorded at length in Zelak's interesting work. Tieck, like Delia Bacon, came to England, and made for Stratford as the one place where he could find some satisfaction and fulfilment for the aspirations and yearnings of his past life.

'Er, der Dichter,' says his biographer, 'stand in frommer Verehrung an der Wiege des Dichters, an dessen Geiste im fernen Lande und nach Jahrhunderten sich der seine entzündet, dessen Namen er im Herzen getragen hatte, seit er seiner selbst bewusst geworden.'

More fortunate than poor Delia, he kept quite clear of lunatic asylums, and there stands to his name a mass of literature, chiefly Shakespearian, filling several pages of the catalogue of the British Museum. When in England he sought out Coleridge, who promised readily to hear Tieck's exposition of his Shakspere theory if he would come one evening and deliver it without break or interruption. Tieck came at ten, and began at once, and midnight had struck before he ended. Coleridge sat silent all the time, and, except the 'Good-night' at the door, said not a word at parting.

By arrangement they met again the next evening.

'I have thought over what you said,' began Coleridge, 'and I find you are right on many points. But, still,' continued Coleridge, 'I cannot accept them.'

'Why not?' said Tieck, very much surprised.

'Well, the truth is,' replied Coleridge, 'because they contradict all that our people have thought and written about Shakspeare here in England from the beginning until now.'

Tieck saw, says his German biographer, that such an argument was irresistible 'Gegen einen so nationalen Gesichtspunkt,' he made no opposition, and he and Coleridge were always firm friends.

My remark on the above anecdote is that the 'national point of view' seems still in possession of the field, and is still frequently backed up by a logic similar to that used by Coleridge, and equally powerful.

INDEX

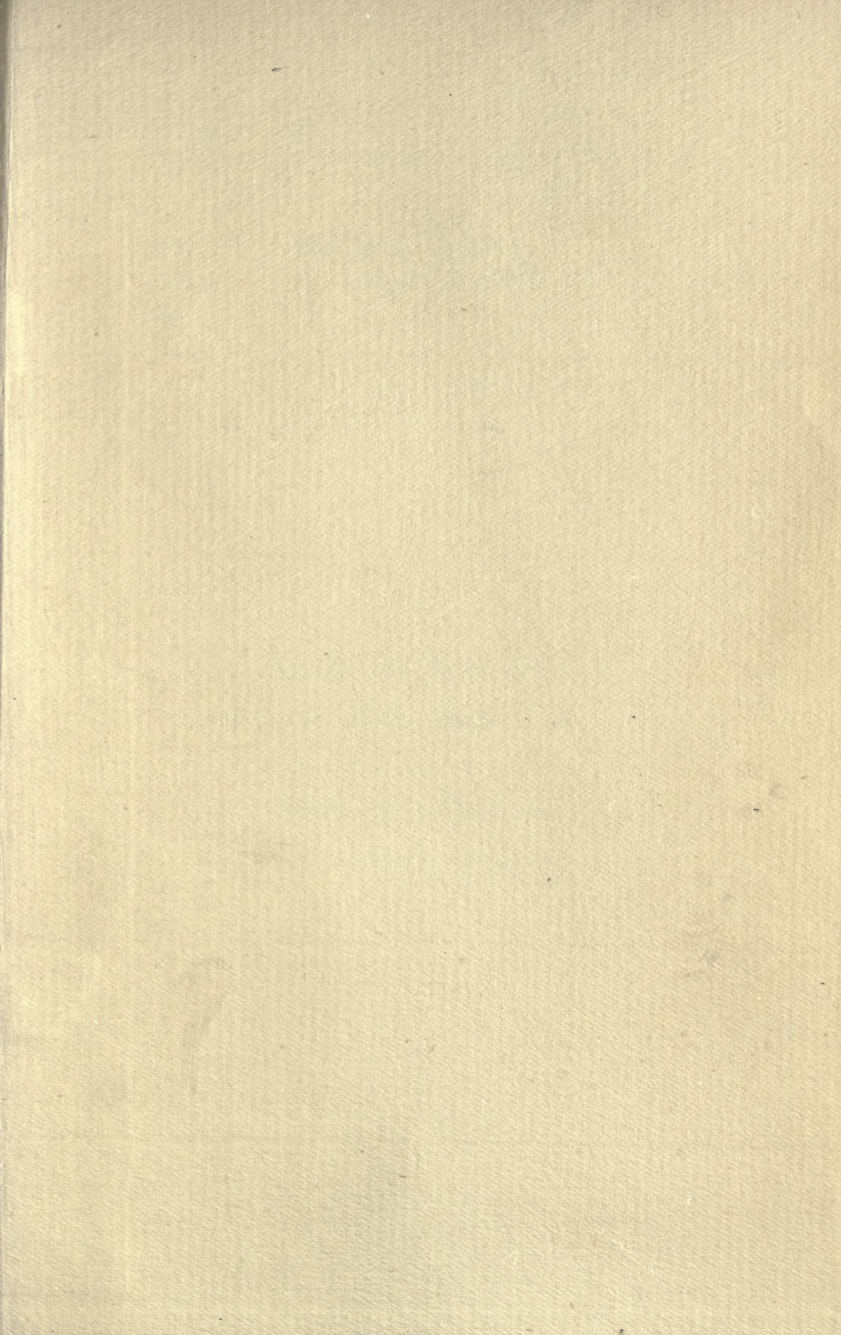
- ABBOTT, Dr., on Bacon and Essex, 26
- Alexander the Great, his embalmed body, 69
- Allen, Charles, on Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare, 166
- Amboise, his translation of Bacon's 'Sylva Sylvarum,' 2, etc.; on Rawley's work, 3; praise of Bacon, 22; Bacon's fall, 23; his possession of Bacon's manuscripts, 7
- Bacon, Francis, travels, 16, 19, 20, 36, 70; experiments, 17; on metals, 34, 36; early life, 18; constitutional delicacy, 60; his fall, 22-30, 219; early version of 'Sylva Sylvarum,' 35; on love, 41-46; his use of 'Euripe,' 44; on music, 47, 87; on echoes, 55; on medicine, 58-62; on milk, 61; on mushrooms, 63; on drunkenness, 67; on figs, 67; on embalming, 69; telepathy, 71; additions to 'Sylva Sylvarum,' 75; his manuscripts kept secret, 77, 78; his style in a 'Woman's Woorth,' 88, 93, 98; Hermes Trismegistus, 89-91; on magic, 91; scandals about, 100, etc.; on prolongation of life, 106; motives for concealment, 151; false quantities, 163; his Psalms, 167; his estimate of plays, 169; direction left to executors, 170; an orator, 171, 172; his character better than Shakspeare's, 218; his career as Chancellor, 219
- Bacon, Nicholas, promotes Protestantism, 18; results of assisting Hales, 152; sends his son to Italy and Spain, 12
- Baconians refuse to listen to scandals about Bacon, 114
- Bacon-Shakespeare controversy—blindness of critics, 181, 184; Gosse, Lee, Churton Collins, etc., on, 182, etc.; compared with the witch delusion, 186; an open mind required, 186; abuse of critics, 194, etc.; claim for Shakspeare of Bacon's works, 204; the Shakespeare-mania, 220
- Bolton's silence about Shakespeare, 192
- Borrow, George, gifted but abnormal, 116
- Brandes' 'Life of Shakespeare,' 210
- Bright, Timothy, inventor of shorthand, 150
- Burns, Robert, reputation apart from character, 113
- Bushell, Thomas, on Bacon's character, 29
- Byron, Lord, reputation apart from character, 113
- Carlyle, character of, 112, etc.; sees a Baconian element in Shakespeare, 172
- Chasles, Philarète, on Shakespeare's knowledge, 180
- Chasteauneuf, French Ambassador, 7-16; letter to, 16

- Cholmley, Richard, and Henslowe, 148
- Coleridge and Tieck, 221
- Collins, Churton, his discoveries of Greek in Shakespeare, 155, 174; on Shakespeare's learning, 174, etc.; discourtesy in criticism, 64, 179
- Courthope on Platonic love, 133-135; on the 'Ur-Hamlet,' 154; contributions to Shakespeare lore, 46
- De Peyster on the Baconian controversy, 199
- D'Ewes' diary contains scandal about Bacon, 102, 103, 108, 109; untrustworthy, 105
- Dewiseit on Shakespeare and Bright, 151
- Disraeli a liar at school, 115
- Dowden on Bacon and Shakespeare, 182
- Eberhard on the 'Sonnets,' 121
- Eichhoff on Shakespeare's poems, 122, etc.
- Falstaff a name for Bacon, 93, 94
- Filefi, a great writer though immoral, 116
- Fitton, Mary, in 'A Woman's Woorth,' 81, 87; rumour about her child, 94; and Shakspeare, 216
- Foard, J. J., on Bacon and Shakespeare, 195
- Fullom's 'Life of Shakespeare,' 212
- Furness on Shakespeare, 215
- Furnivall on Bacon and Shakespeare, 199
- Galileo, his heresy compared with the Baconian, 203
- Garnett on 'The Tempest,' 156; on Greek literature in Shakespeare, 179
- German commentators on the 'Sonnets' and poems, 120 *et seq.*
- Gibson, Anthony, editor of 'A Woman's Woorth,' 80; what is known of him, 84
- Goderich, Bacon's valet, 107
- Godwin, Parker, on Ann Hathaway, 209
- Gosse on Bacon and Shakespeare, 182, 200
- Gruter, Isaac, letter to Rawley, 13; edits Bacon's manuscripts, 72-78
- Hall on Bacon's style, 98
- Hallam, Henry, repugnance to the 'Sonnets,' 135
- Halliwell on the evidence of D'Ewes, 110
- Harley, Lord, buyer of D'Ewes manuscripts, 109
- Hart, Joseph C., 'Romance of Yachting,' 197-199
- Harvey, Gabriel, knowledge of Bacon's early life, 22
- Hazlitt on 'A Woman's Woorth,' 99
- Henslowe, no reference to Shakespeare, 147, 192
- Heylin silent about Shakespeare, 192
- Italian, neo-Platonism, 132
- Jonson, Ben, knowledge of Bacon's early life, 22
- Krafft-Ebing on Bacon, 141
- Kyd, blunders in geography, 165
- Labori, his reply to the Advocate-General, 185
- Lang, Andrew, on the Baconian controversy, 186

- Languet, a youth loved by Sidney, 119, 134
- Lee, Sidney, expert in lunacy, 64; his abuse of Baconians, 182, 200, etc.
- Lodge, Sir Oliver, Bacon anticipates his opinions, 39
- Loening on books known to Shakespeare, 150
- 'Lover's Complaint,' 143 *et seq.*; Shakspeare supposed to be described, 144
- Macaulay on Bacon, 25
- Maginn, his reputation apart from his character, 116
- Mantegazza on Bacon, 141
- Marlowe, Christopher, description of Helen, 126-128; and Shakespeare, 149
- Massey, Gerald, on the Baconian controversy, 193
- Matthew, Sir Tobie, refers to Bacon as Falstaff, 93
- Maugars, André, on Bacon's 'De Augmentis,' 6
- Milton's Psalms, 168
- Montagu, Basil, on Bacon's fall, 27
- Munday, Anthony, and 'A Woman's Woorth,' 80
- Music, 47, 55; in the spheres, 52, etc.
- Nash on love for men, 138
- Numantius on Bacon's character, 141
- 'Paradox Apologie,' 85
- Patrizi, Francisco, 'De Universis Philosophia,' 91
- Paulet, Sir Amyas, and Bacon, 12-15
- Peele, George, description of Bethsabe, 128 *n.*
- Platonic love, 113 *et seq.*
- Plato studied by Elizabethan scholars, 177
- Pope on Bacon, 26
- Puttenham, 'Arte of English Poesie,' 148
- Ratliffe, Margaret, in 'A Woman's Woorth,' 83, 87
- Ramsay, Sir William, on transmutation of metals, anticipated by Bacon, 39
- Rawley: Amboise on Rawley, 4; keeps back information about Bacon, 21, 41, 49, 69, 72, 76, 77; confused arrangement of 'Sylva Sylvarum,' 54; anticipates future disclosures, 79; publishes a part only of 'Manes Verulamiani,' 79
- Rolfe on Shakespeare, 200
- Rosicrucians and Freemasons in the Baconian controversy, 197
- Ross, Alexander, edition of 'Sylva Sylvarum,' 61, 62
- Russell, Anne, addressed by a poem, 83, 86
- Sarrazin, Gregor, on 'A Lover's Complaint,' 143
- Saxo Grammaticus on music, 49
- Secombe, Thomas, on the Baconian controversy, 114
- Shakspeare contemporary testimony, 91; worse reputation than Bacon's, 116; supposed capabilities of his genius, 157-161; and his defenders, 174, etc.
- Shakespeare alluded to by Sir Tobie Matthew, 93; learning shown by, 164; anachronisms, 164; references to 'Henry VIII.,' 141; 'Love's Labour Lost,' 95, 96, 97; 'Much Ado,' 96
- Shakespeare quotations: 'As You Like It,' III. ii. 386, p. 214; 'Coriolanus,' IV. vi. 95, p. 214; 'Merchant of Venice,' V. i. 58,

- p. 53; 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' III. v. 4, p. 214; 'Titus Andronicus,' IV. ii. 146, p. 214
- Shelley, reputation independent of character, 115
- Shorthand in Elizabethan times, 149, etc.
- Sidney, Sir P., and Languet, 119, 134; his Psalms, 168
- 'Sonnets' of Shakespeare spiritual rather than sensual, 126
- Southampton, Lord: Shakspeare no guardian of his morals, 124; in the 'Lover's Complaint,' 145; supposed gift to Shakspeare, 147
- Southampton, Countess, of poems and dedications to, 81
- Spedding, James, facts not known by; the reply to Macaulay, 26, 28; suppresses facts about Bacon, 101; his authority in the Baconian controversy, 190
- Stobæus, John, his 'Loci Communes' used by Shakespeare, 177
- Symonds, J. A., on Platonic love, 132, 141
- Tarnowsky on Bacon, 141
- Tenison, Archbishop, on Bacon's travels, 15; on Gruter's translations, 73; mistakes about Gruter's translations, 75, 76
- Theobald, R. M., and Churton Collins, 180, 204
- Throckmorton, Sir John, his fall resembles Bacon's, 25
- Tyler on the 'Sonnets,' 216
- Ulrichs on Bacon, 141
- 'Ur - Hamlet' references to Helsingör, 153; derived from Saxo Grammaticus, 154
- Voltaire on Shakespeare, 215
- White, Grant, on the Baconian controversy, 141
- Willoughby, his 'Avisa,' 145
- Wilson, Arthur, witness against Bacon, 102; untrustworthy, 104
- 'Woman's Woorth (A),' 80; stayed from publication, 85

END OF VOL. III.



PR
2944
B44
v.3

Begley, Walter
Bacon's Nova resuscitatio

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
